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Lord Esme. S. Gordon.

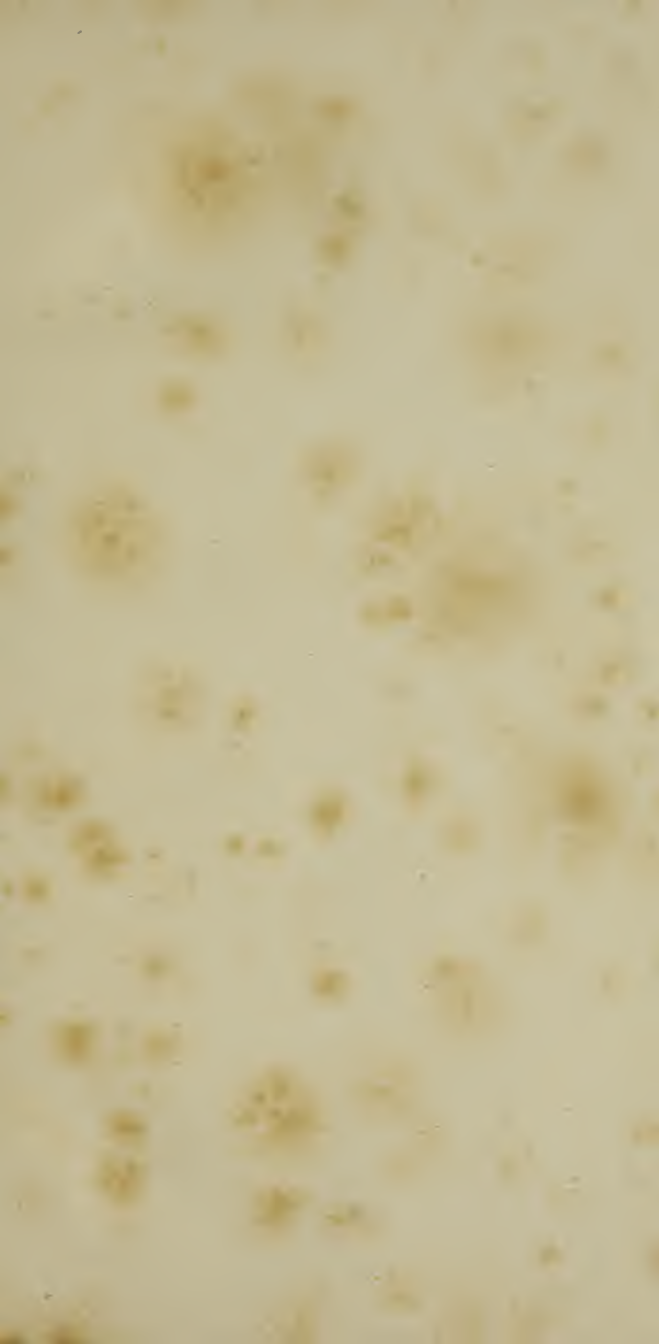
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Esme. Waterhouse

S. K. Waterhouse

31 July 1939





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NARRATIVE

OF THE

MURDER

OF THE LATE

REV. J. WATERHOUSE;

WITH A FULL REPORT OF THE

TRIAL, CONFESSION, & EXECUTION

OF THE MURDERER;

AND A

BIOGRAPHY and ANECDOTES

Of Mr. Waterhouse and of Slade.

EMBELLISHED WITH

A View of the Rectory House & Church,

GROUND PLAN OF THE PREMISES,

AND A

PORTRAIT OF SLADE.

You have undone a man of fourscore years,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet. And now
The hangman must put on thy shroud, and lay thee
Where no priest shovels in dust.—

Peace to his soul, if God's pleasure be!
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

SHAKESPEARE.

HUNTINGDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY T. LOVELL:

SOLD BY BALDWIN, CRADOCK AND JOY, LONDON;

AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1827.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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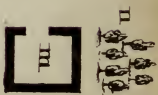
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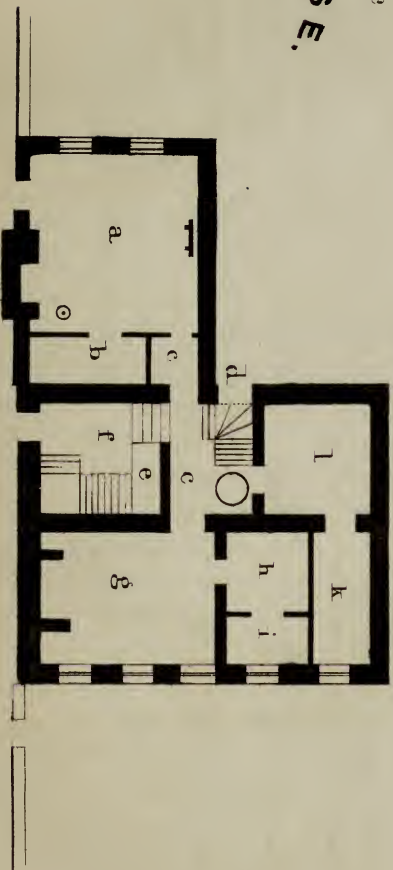
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luncheon</p> <p>• Post or stump to which the Dog was chained</p> |
|---|--|

Garden and Orchard.



PLAN
of the
HOUSE.



The Rectory House fronting the North.

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

THE crime of murder is happily so rare in England, and the character of the English nation so little tarnished with cruelty, that we can scarcely wonder at the extraordinary interest which has been manifested on the subject of the late atrocious outrage, perpetrated in this county. So violent an infringement of the personal security and moral feelings of the people committed, too, under circumstances of almost unexampled barbarity, and in the open light of day, was eminently calculated to awaken public attention ; while the mystery in which the case was, for a time, enveloped, tended materially to heighten the public anxiety and consternation. By means of that powerful engine of publicity, the Press, the tidings of Mr. Waterhouse's murder, with all its painful and harrowing details, were spread far and wide, and every consideration, both from home and abroad, called upon our local authorities to exert their utmost vigilance for the discovery of the offender. Their efforts have at length been crowned with success : the murderer has been apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed ;—and thus the last eventful scene of this frightful tragedy

has terminated as it ought, in a due atonement made to public justice. It may be useful, however, to recal the circumstances which so lately agitated us ; and to preserve, in regular form and order, the memory of a transaction which can only be paralleled in atrocity by the kindred horrors of the murder of Weare.

Little Stukeley—the spot with which our narrative is chiefly connected—is a small village situated in a hollow betwixt two hills, about three miles from Huntingdon. It lies to the right of the Great North Road, and, in 1821, contained 385 inhabitants. The number of houses was 52 ; seventy-one families were returned as being employed in agriculture and sixteen in handicrafts.

The ancient name of the place was *Stivecle*, and we read of a Sir Nicholas de Styvecle, Knt. who resided here in the time of Richard II., and purchased the manor of Priestly, in this parish. About the time of the Reformation, the manor of Stukeley passed into the hands of John Stone, Serjeant at Law ; who purchased the advowson of Sir Oliver Cromwell (uncle to the Protector), and in his family it continued till the reign of Charles II. It afterwards became the property of Sir Robert Barnard ; and from him descended to the present proprietor, Lady O. B. Sparrow.

The church of Little Stukeley, though in rather a dilapidated state, is a handsome Gothic pile. It stands on a considerable eminence, about a bow shot from the North Road, and commands a fine view of the village, which slopes along the hill beneath. From an inscription over the south porch, it appears that the church was enlarged or repaired in the year 1652. On one of the

battlements above the upper south window of the tower is the date 1659—most probably the year in which the tower was completed. Another inscription over the door of the North isle informs us that the church was repaired in 1673, when John Bigg, Esq. and John King were Churchwardens. The porch opens under a Gothic arch of the Tudor style, and contains the remains of a broken piscina. The chancel was anciently separated from the body of the church by a Rood-loft, or shrine for the reception of images, the indications of which may be plainly seen. These remains of antiquity would seem to assign the date of the building to a period anterior to the Reformation.

The external appearance of the sacred edifice is rendered more striking and picturesque from a considerable part of it being covered with ivy, the roots of which spring from the wall, and are at least three feet from the ground. The interior presents little worthy of notice, excepting some monumental inscriptions to the memory of part of the family of Mr. Justice Bayley—that upright and truly constitutional Judge having spent the earlier portion of his valuable existence in the village of Stukeley. Here slumber the ashes of his father, John Bayley, Esq. who died in 1790, at the age of 54 ; of his brother, the Rev. Daniel Bayley, formerly vicar of Madingley in the county of Cambridge ; and of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Bayley, grand-daughter of Dr. White Kennett, formerly Bishop of Peterborough, who died in 1801, aged 68. The two following inscriptions bear evident marks of the pen of the venerable Judge : they are engraved on

handsome marble tablets, by Westmacott, placed against the southern wall:—

In the body of this Church lie the remains of
LUCY,

The second and much-lamented daughter of
The Honourable Mr. Justice and Lady Bayley,

Who died the 29th day of July 1821,

In the 29th year of her age.

She was meek, but animated; affectionate and conciliating,

Intelligent without pride,

Well-informed without ostentation;

Pious, unaffected, religious, and resigned,

Regretted much by all who knew her,

But most by those who knew her best.

In the same vault with her Niece lie

Also the remains of Lucy Bayley, sister

To the Honourable Mr. Justice Bayley;

A Lady of exemplary life and character; who after

Having practised, during a residence of 41 years

In this village, unbounded kindness and hospitality

To her relatives and friends; and a constant and

Unwearied charity to her poorer neighbours,

Died on the 29th day of December 1823,

In the 63d year of her pilgrimage,

Beloved, respected, and regretted

By all who knew her.

On the back of the Clerk's desk is affixed a memorandum in the hand-writing of Mr. Waterhouse, and highly characteristic of the unfortunate gentleman. It is as follows:—

*“ In the Morning Service—*While the Epistle is reading, the congregation are to sit down; and to stand up while the Gospel is reading.

*“ In the Churching of Women—*The congregation are to stand up while the Psalm is reading.

*“ In the Burial Service—*The congregation are to stand up while the Psalm is reading.”

The inhabitants of Little Stukeley are chiefly employed in agriculture; and hence it is the more extraordinary

that in a place presenting so few temptations to vice, where men do not congregate together in masses, and spread the moral contagion from one to another, with a sort of electric force and rapidity, that a murder should have been committed, exhibiting the most revolting features of depravity; and that a gang of ruffians should have existed, almost whose sole occupation was rapine and plunder.

On the morning of Tuesday the 3d of July, 1827, an alarm was spread through the village of Little Stukeley, that their rector, the Rev. Joshua Waterhouse, who had been incumbent of the parish for about fourteen years, and was in the eighty-first year of his age, had put a period to his own existence by cutting his throat. The eccentricities of the deceased were well known among his parishioners. He lived, in a manner, secluded from all society, and indulged in habits and pursuits but seldom found among gentlemen of his order and station. The various peculiarities of the rev. gentleman we shall describe hereafter; and we only advert to them in this place so shew that the idea of his having committed suicide originated as much in the singular character of the deceased as in the appearance presented by his mangled body. Mr. Waterhouse, as we have said, lived almost constantly alone; he had no regular female domestic; and on the morning of the fatal day, the old woman who occasionally assisted in the management of his house had been sent into a field to hoe thistles. The danger attendant upon such a solitary mode of life had been often represented to the deceased by his friends; but though in the last stage of

existence, the rev. gentleman was of a robust, hardy temperament, and an utter stranger to fear. About half past ten o'clock, two boys in the service of Mr. Waterhouse entered the kitchen of the rev. gentleman, in which he chiefly resided, to eat their luncheon, which they had brought with them from home. They sat down on a form opposite the fire-place, and presently after discovered the legs of their master hanging over the side of a large brewing tub, which stood in an adjoining passage. Alarmed at a circumstance so unusual, and at the deep groans which proceeded from the spot, the boys fled from the premises in the utmost trepidation, and entering the house of a neighbour, Ann Whitney, informed her of what they had seen. From her previous knowledge of Mr. Waterhouse, this woman thought he was either intoxicated, or had thrown himself into the tub in order to frighten the boys; and, accordingly, instead of proceeding to the rectory to render what assistance she could, she detained the boys in her own house, until they had finished their luncheon. In the interim, a young man, named Frederick Rogers, came up to the kitchen door, and rapped with his whip, three several times, but received no answer. The boys, however, almost instantly returned to the yard, and seeing Rogers, informed him of the condition in which they had left their master. After some hesitation, it appears he went in, but made no attempt to extricate the unfortunate gentleman, until assisted by another person, William Ashby, who, opening the garden-door, which lighted the dark and gloomy passage, lifted the deceased out of the tub, and laid him on the floor. The hands and fore-

head were quite warm ; but it was too apparent that the vital spark had fled. A large wound was discovered on the right cheek, and two or three on the hands. A female who was present unbuttoned the shirt collar of the deceased, when the blood came out in large flakes, and several wounds were discovered on the body. The throat was also cut, and was bleeding profusely.

A messenger was instantly despatched to Huntingdon for medical assistance, and Mr. Oakeley, a surgeon of that place, hastened to the spot, rather with a view to ascertain the nature of the injury which had occasioned the death of the rev. gentleman, than with the hope of being able to restore him. The appearance of the wounds in a moment convinced Mr. Oakeley, that the deceased had not died by his own hand. His death had been occasioned, he said, by the tremendous blow on the jaw, and this blow could not have been inflicted by himself. Mr. Wilson, another surgeon of that place, repaired to the parsonage to examine the body, and after inspecting the wounds gave a similar decision. The tub also bore marks of having been frequently struck, in the course of the conflict, with some sharp instrument. There were several incisions on the edge, and a mark inside, as if the instrument had penetrated pretty deep, and a piece of the wood had come away when it was extracted. The walls of the passage were spotted with blood, and a considerable quantity was found in the tub which received the body of the expiring man.

A thousand conjectures were now spread abroad as to the probable motives which actuated the murderer, and the means by which the deed was accomplished. It was

believed by many that a feeling of ill-will or malice had impelled the hand of the assassin; but the more probable supposition that some one had entered the premises to plunder, and being surprised by the rev. gentleman, a contest ensued which terminated in death, was generally received. The situation and internal condition of the premises, and the habits of Mr. Waterhouse, offered every facility for the commission of robbery. The rectory house is a large and elegant mansion, but the deceased latterly inhabited only the kitchen and a bed-room up stairs. The windows of the other apartments were blocked up to evade the payment of the window tax, and the rooms were filled with wool, grain, and other articles; thus at once affording a temptation to plunder, and ready opportunities for concealment. Opening up from the passage is a door leading into the garden, through which the murderer apparently escaped, and found easy access into the adjoining fields.

The Inquest.

At seven o'clock in the evening of the murder, Wm. Margetts, Esq. coroner for the Hundred of Hurstingstone, attended at the Bell inn, for the purpose of holding an inquest. The constable having assembled a competent number of individuals, a jury was sworn, consisting of the following persons:—

William Busby, Foreman.

Edward Lovett.

Thomas Kendall.

Thomas Garner.

William Butler.

John Stanion, jun.

John Robinson.

William Woods.

Joseph Woods.

William Childs.

John Stanion, sen.

Benjamin Wyman.

William Gale.

There were also present the Rev. T. Brown, of Conington, and Henry Sweeting, Esq.

The jury having repaired to the rectory, the Coroner addressed them to this effect: "Gentlemen, our first duty is to examine the state of the body of the deceased. From every appearance there can be no doubt but that a most deliberate murder has been committed. If suspicions arise in the mind of any one of you, with respect to the person or persons likely to defile their hands by a crime of the heinous nature on which we are about to deliberate—if you have witnessed any corroborative incident, or have heard of any conversation tending to throw light upon this frightful transaction—it is your bounden duty to make a full and unreserved declaration of every particular. The rights of justice and the laws of your country expect this fulfilment of your duty as men and jurors."

The body was then minutely inspected: it was horribly mutilated, at once confirming the ferocious spirit and deadly malignity of the assassin. The following account of the inquest will give the more minute details.

Mr. George Oakeley, surgeon, deposed that he examined the body of the deceased; found a very deep incision near the right ear, with a fracture of the right jaw, a great portion of which was completely severed, separating the vessels that were near it; he was decidedly of opinion that the wound on the jaw was sufficient to occasion death; has not the least doubt but that he was murdered by some person or persons, as no man could inflict such desperate wounds on himself as the body of Mr. Waterhouse exhibited; conceives that they were occasioned by some heavy instrument, probably an axe or bill.

Mr. J. Wilson stated, that on the return of Mr. Oakeley from Stukeley, he went to examine the body of the deceased, and found it accurately to correspond with Mr. O.'s description. Several very dreadful wounds had been inflicted on the arms and the inside of the wrists and hands, which could only have been occasioned by defending himself from the attack of his murderous assailants. One wound had been received on the right lower jaw, in a line from the outer angle to the chin, and which had completely separated the jaw in two, longitudinally; another wound had been given across the nose; two superficial cuts upon the left cheek; several cuts upon the right arm, between the elbow and wrist, on the outside; a dreadful cut upon the left elbow, which had completely separated the condyles of the humerus; there was also another cut, rather a severe one, on the outside of the left arm, on the elbow and wrist; the inside of each wrist had received a terribly incised wound, evidently in his own defence; but what seems to have produced instantaneous death was a stab or thrust which had been received on the upper part of the throat, which had separated the bone of the tongue from the windpipe, had penetrated the windpipe on its upper part, and completely cut across the large vessels of the neck on the right side, from which blood had spurted most forcibly, and stained the two walls of the passage in which the deed was committed, from all which there can be no doubt that Mr. W. must have been cruelly murdered.

William Parker, aged 14, the son of Samuel Parker, of Alconbury, labourer, being sworn, said he saw his

master for the last time about half past ten o'clock ; he was then quite well ; he rinsed his pitcher, and went to wipe it on a towel in the passage ; he was then in his usual spirits. Witness then went into the brewhouse, and threw some wheat out of the copper, which occupied a quarter of an hour. Reuben Briggs came home, and took some straw to litter the pigs ; at eleven o'clock they went into the kitchen to have their luncheon ; when in the kitchen, they saw the legs of their master hanging over the tub, and heard him groan ; they were frightened, and ran to a neighbour's house (Mary Whitney's) to have their refreshment. Parker told her of the noise his master was making, and that he was in the tub ; she replied that he was drunk, and wanted to frighten them ; stopped at Mrs. Whitney's and had allowance. Mrs. Whitney told her sister of the circumstance. Was sure that his master was ill. He then, with R. Briggs, returned to work, at which he continued a quarter of an hour. A person of the name of Rogers came to the yard with a stallion, and knocked at the house door. As nobody came, he asked witness where the folks were. Told him that master was laid in the tub ; he asked me whether I would go in ; told him I could not, as I was afraid. Rogers then said, do you stop here in the yard, and I'll go in. Rogers went straight across to the door, and called out, but did not receive any answer. Parker stated that he then went out of the yard with Reuben Briggs ; told Mr. Ashby, and asked him if he would go in ; he said yes, entered the premises, and found Mr. Waterhouse in the tub ; attempted to lift him out, but could not, until assisted by a woman

who came in. William Harrison, who came at that moment, assisted to hold him. Witness was working in the dovehouse close at about eleven o'clock, and heard a loud scream ; the close is nearly three chains from the house ; the dog, which was chained to a kennel in the yard, was at that time barking very violently. A tramp came to the house about nine o'clock ; saw him go through the gate ; his master had been to lay his net in the fish pond in the morning ; the kitchen door, the passage door, and the garden door, were all open at eleven o'clock ; he was the first person in his master's house that morning, being there at five o'clock ; Mr. Waterhouse washed his hands and face at that hour ; did not in the course of the morning see any person upon the premises, except the tramp and Rogers. Witness always goes to church when he can. He has no suspicion whatever of the person who committed the crime.

Mr. Sweeting, solicitor, who during the investigation of the horrid transaction evinced the most intense anxiety, addressed Parker, and said, " You are now, you say, fourteen years of age, and are a stout boy ; you heard the dying groans of your master, yet you withheld your assistance. You have certainly shewn a most lamentable want of courage, humanity, and prudence. Let me conjure you not to conceal anything respecting your master's untimely end, and in a matter of so much importance to tell the whole truth.

Parker, who is a dull-looking boy, and who gave his evidence in an equivocal manner, declared that he did not know who had committed the murder.

Reuben Briggs, 11 years of age, the son of John Briggs, labourer, stated that he was at work at five o'clock in the morning, feeding the hogs ; saw his master an hour afterwards, who gave him his breakfast ; the passage and yard doors were then open : about eleven o'clock heard screams and the dog barking ; was then a short distance from the house. When he went into the house at eleven, heard his master groaning in the tub, was afraid, and ran out to Mrs. Whitney's ; got lunch there, and told Mrs. Whitney of the situation of his master ; she said he was drunk. The remainder of this witness's evidence was similar to Parker's.

Mary-Ann Wells, of Wandsford, aged 25, spinster, deposed that she came to Little Stukeley one month since, for the purpose of being married to Edward Briggs, of Stukeley ; the marriage banns were published the second time on Sunday week, and were to have been published the third time on the following Sunday. Mr. Waterhouse objected, owing to some informality. Briggs left Little Stukeley the same evening, went to his work in the Fens, and has not been at Little Stukeley since. On Tuesday morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, a little girl, the daughter of Mrs. Whitney, came to her and said, " the old man is dead ; went afterwards into the house, and assisted in getting him out of the tub ; his forehead was then warm ; the garden door was partly open. Met Rogers, who said, " For God's sake, some good Christian woman assist the old gentleman." Ashby, the blacksmith, assisted ; untied Mr. Waterhouse's neckhandkerchief, upon which there was a great quantity of congealed blood ; he was then warm. Ashby said, " he's not dead : he's tipsy."

Ann Whitney stated that the boys Parker and Briggs came into her house, and said their master was groaning in the tub ; thought he was tipsy. The boys stated they heard Mr. Waterhouse groaning at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, just before they went to get their allowance ; she did not go into the house, as her constitution was weak. Did not see any tramp on the premises that morning. Young Rogers, of Warboys, was the person who first discovered the body. Parker and Briggs are both steady and industrious boys, and of good character.

William Harrison, labourer, has been in the employ of Mr. Waterhouse nine years ; had been working till half-past eleven o'clock, when he returned home ; assisted Mr. Ashby in getting him out of the tub ; he was then motionless, but quite warm. Has never had a quarrel with his master ; was always on the best terms with him ; did not suspect any person of having committed the deed ; he must have been murdered from a spirit of revenge, as his purse and keys were left in his pockets. His master had not taken any money lately for the sale of cattle or stock ; has not sold any thing for the last fortnight. He never kept more money in the house than was sufficient to pay his men. Mr. Waterhouse was in the habit of making presents to Mary Martin, who formerly lived with him as servant ; she has since married a person of the name of George Sharpe, of Brampton. Mrs. Sharpe has been in the habit of visiting his master twice in the year ; she was at his house one day last spring, got dinner, and departed home in the afternoon. Never heard, nor did he know, any thing detrimental to the character of

George Sharpe. He did not that morning see any vagrant on the premises. Mr. Waterhouse entertained a great dislike to vagrants, and frequently expressed it to them, when they asked charity of him; they have threatened him with violence; he never gave beggars any thing, and when they called, he would instantly order them to quit his premises. No hatchet or weapon likely to commit such a deed was found near the spot where it was perpetrated.

Ann Gale, of Little Stukeley, deposed that she went to Mr. Waterhouse's at half-past five in the morning; Mr. W. had then risen, and appeared in good health. Stopped in the house till half-past nine, then went to hoe thistles in the fallow field. About eleven, the boy Parker came, and said his master was all over blood in the tub, and thought he was dead. She could not suspect any person. Her master turned off a stone-mason last week, for falling asleep when he should have been at his work. A vagrant came to the door that morning, at about half-past eight; he wore a blue handkerchief round his head, and was dressed in a light coloured jacket, and light trousers. He was a short, stout, pale-looking man.

Ann Wormsley gave similar evidence:

Sarah Leach stated that she had heard a conversation with respect to the affair. Mrs. Heddings said that her husband had remarked on the Sunday preceding the last, that now Mr. W.'s servants had left him, he should not be surprised if he cut his throat before the next.

Mrs. Heddings was summoned from her bed at twelve o'clock, and deposed that she had no suspicion

of any person, and that she had never held any conversation with respect to the singularity of the affair.

The Inquest was then adjourned to Wednesday afternoon.

Adjourned Inquest.

At five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the coroner and jury re-assembled; but little fresh evidence was brought forward tending to throw any light upon the mysterious transaction of the preceding day. Two men, who were strongly suspected of being implicated in the horrid deed, produced each a witness, who positively swore that they were respectively working with them in the hay-field during the whole of Tuesday.

The next witness examined was Anne Elby, who deposed that she was in company with another woman, walking along the high road near to the Horse Shoes, at Great Stukeley, when she saw a man coming down a close in a line from Mr. Waterhouse's house, making for the road, and when he arrived at the hollow between the two hills, where there is a tunnel beneath the road, he disappeared under it, and was not afterwards seen, although the witness and her companion watched for a considerable time. He appeared to have a short slop on; but the distance was too great to allow her to speak to the lower part of his dress; it was exactly 11 o'clock when they reached the Swan at Little Stukeley, which is but a short distance from the above-mentioned place.

Two men who had examined the tunnel were next sworn, and deposed to finding foot-marks, with large nails in the shoes, in the entrance of the tunnel, but

could not discover any thing further of a suspicious nature.

The wife of one of the suspected persons (Heddings) was again re-examined, touching some rather remarkable expressions told a neighbour, and having been used by her husband, as to what might happen to the deceased "before another Sabbath day;" but she, as well as her husband, now stoutly denied having used the expressions stated.

The coroner then summed up and addressed the jury. He regretted that their labours had hitherto been ineffectual, but he strongly entertained an opinion that the deceased had been murdered by some person or persons well acquainted with the house, and the habits of its unfortunate inmate; he felt convinced the deed was committed from a feeling of jealousy or revenge; and concluded by expressing his earnest hope that they would strain every nerve to detect the inhuman authors of so foul a crime. After some observations from Mr. Sweeting (who with the worthy coroner were unremitting in their exertions to further the ends of justice), pointing out the most prompt method of seizing any suspected person, and recommending the utmost watchfulness, the jury unanimously returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.*

It is a singular circumstance, that during the morning of the murder, the yard-dog belonging to Mr. Waterhouse, which was always considered as a very fierce animal, and the terror of the villagers, was observed to be unusually restless and continually barking; but he was unfortunately chained to his kennel. Since the

commission of the murder, his temper has undergone a complete change : he now permits every stranger to caress him, and is extremely docile. The faithful animal seems to be aware of the death of his master, and that he has no further need of his protection.

The first person suspected of having perpetrated this atrocious crime was William Heddings, a man of notoriously bad character, resident in the village. In 1823 he was convicted at the assizes of a burglary, and condemned to be executed ; but his sentence was commuted to three years' imprisonment in the House of Correction; and so well did he conduct himself during the earlier part of this period, that at the expiration of twenty months he obtained his release, application having been made on his behalf to the Secretary of State. On regaining his liberty, Heddings was placed by his friends in comparatively easy and comfortable circumstances. His wife's father had died and left her a house and close and about sixty pounds ; and with this sum a cow was purchased, two or three pigs, &c. Thus possessed of the means of present and of future comfort, it was confidently anticipated that a radical change would take place in his demeanour. The seeds of vice, however, were too deeply sown in the mind of Heddings to be so easily eradicated. He returned to his former habits with renewed activity, and though he had as yet escaped a second apprehension, it was well known that he had linked himself with two abandoned youths in the village, John and Joshua Slade, in the commission of various petty and extensive robberies. It was soon proved that Heddings stood wholly free from the capital charge.

On the second examination before the coroner, he came home, having been at Huntingdon from the Sunday previous, and established an alibi. On Tuesday he had been employed by Mr. Maile, mowing in a field near Huntingdon.

Joshua Slade, another suspicious character, was then called upon to account for himself on the day of the murder. He stated that after leaving the swan public house, where he had been drinking till one or two o'clock on Tuesday morning, he went to Godmanchester to invite his sister, a married woman, to Stukeley Feast. At her house, he said, he remained all day, and returned to Stukeley about seven o'clock in the evening. The same assertion he repeated before the coroner on Wednesday, and added the names of two public houses, the Horse and Jockey, Huntingdon, and the Rose and Crown, Godmanchester, at which he had stopt and drank some beer during the day. His sister voluntarily came forward, and confirmed this statement; and the prisouer was discharged. The general feeling, however, at Stukeley, was strong against Slade; and on the Friday, John Richardson, a constable of Huntingdon, again apprehended him, and took him to the two public houses at which he said he stopt, in order to ascertain the truth of his statement. The constable soon discovered that the whole was a fabrication. Slade had stopt at neither of the public houses, and his brother in law, Joshua Rowledge, came forward and deposed that the statement that he had been at his house on the Tuesday was equally false. Driven from this ground, Slade stated that he knew the Stukeley people were all against

him, and would hang him if they could, and it was on that account that he had said he was at Godmanchester. The truth, however, was, that feeling himself tipsy after he left the Swan, he went into a hay-field and lay there all day; and he knew nothing of the murder until his mother told him of it in the evening.

In consequence of these prevarications, Slade was taken into custody, and various evidences of guilt began to thicken against him. Peter Sabey, an old man who inhabits a cottage opposite to the Rectory, said he saw a person get over Mr. Waterhouse's wall, about three o'clock on the morning of the murder. He did not see the face of the man, but from his general appearance, and from his *lobbing* from one side to another as he walked, he thought it was Josh. Slade. The clothes of the prisoner were then taken from him, and examined: his coat was discovered to be stained with blood inside, though care had been taken to wash it off the exterior. His breeches also appeared to have been partially washed. His shoes were taken off and compared with a footmark near Mr. Waterhouse's kitchen window, where a person would stand to look in; and with some other marks at a stile leading to the tunnel between the two Stukeleys, into which a person, corresponding in appearance with Slade, was, as we have already stated, seen to enter. The footmarks corresponded exactly with the print of Slade's shoe. While the enquiry was still going on, a young man who had worked in company with Slade, at Mr. Hall's, Stukeley, came forward and stated that he had heard the prisoner say he would murder Mr. Waterhouse.

and that he had keys to let himself into his house at all times.

A few weeks previous to the murder, Mr. Waterhouse was robbed by a person who had concealed himself in the house, and in the dead of the night going into his bed-room, took from over his head his watch; and about £2. from the pockets of his small-clothes, which lay upon the floor. So impressed was the rev. gentleman with the narrow escape he had then of his life, that on the next Sunday, with tears in his eyes, he offered up two prayers or thanksgivings to Almighty God for his safe deliverance from the hand of an assassin. The suspicions of Mr. W. instantly fell upon the prisoner Slade, whose sister was at that time in his service, and suspecting her to be privy to the robbery, he immediately discharged her. It was upon this occasion that Slade was heard to threaten Mr. Waterhouse.

That the case might be fully investigated in every point, application was made to the Secretary of State for the Home Department to secure the assistance of a Bow Street officer; in consequence of which Ellis arrived, and entered upon the task with his accustomed activity. Little, however, was left for this able officer to perform: the guilty person was undoubtedly in custody, and in this opinion Ellis fully concurred. He deeply regretted that so much time had at first been lost.

As the parents of the prisoner also bore a bad character in the village, a warrant was obtained for searching their house, when goods were discovered not likely to have been honestly obtained by persons in their destitute condition. Though in the weekly receipt of

money from the parish, the inmates of this miserable cottage were found to possess six or seven flitches of bacon, two sacks of pease, quantities of pork, ham, &c. In the cottage was also found, stained with blood, and mixed with what seemed to be *grey hairs*, a bill, or cleaver, the kind of instrument with which it was generally supposed the murder was committed. These various suspicious circumstances induced the magistrates to detain the father and mother of the prisoner in custody, until a further examination could take place.

On the day following these important discoveries, John Slade, a brother of the prisoner, aged 22, delivered himself up, and said he was tired of leading the life he had for some time led. In conjunction with his brother and Heddings, he had been concerned in several burglaries and robberies, and he was anxious to make every atonement in his power.

Search was instantly made for Heddings, but though he had been at home at Stukeley the evening before, he was not then to be found.

Proceeding upon the confession of John Slade, a public examination took place on Monday in the Town Hall. Old Sabey, the labourer, who lives opposite the parsonage, declared his belief that the prisoner was the person who got over the wall on the morning of the fatal day, and Mr. Wilson, surgeon, deposed to finding the stains of blood on the prisoner's clothes.

On Thursday another examination took place, when Slade, the father; his wife, and two sons, were placed at the bar, charged with breaking into the dwelling house of Emmanuel Thompson, of Stow, near Kimbolton, in

the night of the 5th of June last, and stealing a quantity of hams, bacon, &c. They carried a bureau out of the house a distance of sixty yards, and opening it stole some money in sovereigns and notes, a hat, gun, and great coat, all which were found on Slade's premises. John and Joshua Slade confessed the burglary, and charged Heddings as an accomplice.

The second charge against them was for stealing three live pigs out of the yard of Mr. Goodliffe, Woodwalton, two of which were found in a pigstye at Slade's, and one at Heddings's. They had also stolen a sack belonging to Mr. Goodliffe.

The third charge was for stealing pease, and some sacks from Messrs. Bowker and Morley, executors of the late Mr. Burgess Bowker, of Alconbury; and there was another charge of pig-stealing from Mr. Storey, of Broughton, the examination of which was deferred till another day. For the above felonies, John and Joshua Slade were fully committed, for trial at the assizes, and also the father and mother for receiving the goods knowing them to have been stolen.

Examination of Heddings.

One link in the chain was still wanting, the capture of Heddings, and this was soon supplied by himself. Late on Thursday night this notorious offender surrendered himself to the keeper of the House of Correction. He had concealed himself in a hovel near New Pasture Common, for four days, and seeing no chance of escape, and most probably tired of his retreat, he discovered himself to the shepherd, and wished him to fetch the

keeper of the House of Correction, to whom he would deliver himself up. This being done, he was conveyed to the office of Mr. Sweeting, and confessed to the burglary committed at Stow. He also stated, that meeting with Joshua Slade on the night of the inquest, the latter confessed to him that he was the murderer of Mr. Waterhouse. Information coming from so polluted a source was obviously liable to much suspicion, but the magistrates acted wisely in determining to confront the two offenders, and thus endeavour to establish more clearly the supposed guilt of Slade. Accordingly at one o'clock on Monday, Slade was brought from the gaol to the council chamber, surrounded by a vast concourse of persons. He was heavily ironed, and had at first sight a squalid and miserable appearance. He looked round on the full bench of magistrates and numerous spectators with evident surprise, but betrayed no symptoms of fear or remorse. Heddings was shortly afterwards produced at the bar ; but Slade, although he had been kept ignorant of the latter being in custody, manifested no emotion on the occasion. The clerk of the county, John Sweeting, Esq., then proceeded to read the deposition of Heddings, which was in substance as follows :—

“ On Wednesday night after the murder, I saw Joshua Slade on the turnpike road in Little Stukeley, near nine o'clock. The inquest was then over. I jogged him on the elbow, and called him on one side, and asked him what he thought of this concern. He said, ‘ I don't know.’ I made answer,—‘ D——n it, how came you to lay hands on him?’ He said, ‘ I was forced ; I was in the low kitchen, plundering ; Mr. Waterhouse

caught hold of me ; I drew my knife, and began to stab him where I could ; he then called out “ murder,” and I got him down on the floor, and got a weapon, with which I hit him a hard blow on the face, and knocked him down ; then I hit him several times on the arms, and where I could, to prevent him rising up again. I then heard the dog bark very vehemently at the door, I went to see if any person was coming ; there being nobody there, I went back to Mr. Waterhouse again, and he had risen up on his legs. I then hit him another hard blow on the head, and knocked him into the tub. I then ran out at the garden door and left him. I ran down the close of grass leading to Great Stukeley.”

Having disposed of the murder, Heddings went on to state that he and Slade, and a fellow named John Hawkes, of Huntingdon, whom they met, went into the Swan public-house, and drank some ale, after which he went home and went to bed.

“ About seven weeks ago,” he continued, according to the deposition, “ on a Saturday night, Mr Waterhouse’s house was robbed, which I heard from a labourer. The next day after dinner I was lying in my own close ; Joshua Slade, seeing me as he went by, came and lay down with me. I said there had been some one robbing the old parson of a pound note ; he said, I know better than that—they robbed him of two, and a good many other things besides. I then said, have you been there ? and on his owning it, I asked him what he had got ;—he said, I got a pair of boots, a large dining table cloth, and seven small ones ; about 40 yards of fine shirting cloth, and 17 yards of coarser ; a dozen

and a half of knives and forks, and five cheese knives. I said, I wonder how Mr. Waterhouse should go to bed and leave the door open; he said I went in about eleven o'clock in the day, and went up into Mr. W.'s bed-chamber, when I took down his blunderbuss and unloaded it, and shoved some paper in the stead of it, so that he could not shoot me. Having done this, I took what I chose, and tied them up in a bundle; I then went up into a garret, and laid down among some wool till eleven o'clock at night, when Mr. W. was in bed; I went out at the garden door, and set my shoes and bundle there; I then went up stairs again, with a brace of pistols of Mr. W.'s (which I had taken from him before), to see what money he had about him; I saw his breeches lying on the floor, and I took out of them one pound in silver and a pound note. I then asked Slade if he was not afraid Mr. W. should waken; he said, 'No, not I; if he had stirred hand or foot, I should have shot him as he lay.'

After the deposition had been read, and Heddings had affixed his mark to it, Slade was asked if he had any thing to say: he answered, "No, your honour; but he has told some false tales; I did not say a word of what he says on the Wednesday night; he wants to hang me without judge or jury, d—n him, he should have been hanged years ago himself."

Mr. Cole, keeper of the prison, was then sworn and examined "I produce a knife which I got from the prisoner, Joshua Slade; I asked him for it after the first day of examination, but he said his mother had got it and his watch. I told him afterwards that he must

give it up; he then said, they (himself and the other prisoners) had concealed it, as they had no knife to cut their bread with. I replied, "you must give it up," and he immediately got it down from a shelf. I examined the knife; it was newly cleaned: I wrapped it in a piece of brown paper, and laid it by. Two or three days afterwards I looked at the knife again, and there appeared on the blade marks of blood; the red shades which are now seen appear to have come out since I had it." (The knife was then handed round the table; it is a good large clasp knife, and apparently new. Stains of a dark brown or reddish shade may be clearly perceived about an inch from the point.)

The prisoner being interrogated as to the nature of the stains which appeared on the knife, coolly replied "They a'n't blood, nor aught like it."

The commitment of the prisoner was then made out, and he was conducted back to prison.

Heddings was next examined as to his participation in a felony, developed in the following evidence:—

John Storey, of Broughton, in the county of Huntingdon, had two pigs stolen from his straw-yard one night, about ten or eleven weeks since. Hearing of the apprehension of John and Joshua Slade, he went to Stukeley, and found one of the pigs in a sty of Joshua Slade's house, and the other in a sty at Heddings's.

John Wayles, brother-in-law of Storey, corroborated this evidence, and said he could swear to the pigs on account of their breed, colour, and a cut in the nose of each. Heddings confessed, though somewhat reluctantly, that he could not account for the pig being in his possession, and was accordingly committed.

Examination of Lansdale Wright.

Suspicion being entertained that a man named Lansdale Wright was possessed of part of the property of Mr. Waterhouse, a constable was despatched to March, in the county of Cambridge, where it was understood he was then living, to examine his house, and take him into custody. On Friday (July 20), Wright was brought up before the magistrates, when he confessed to having purchased the following articles of Joshua Slade: a pair of new boots, a pillow-case, a piece of striped dimity, a piece of Irish sheeting, two pieces of Irish shirting, a large table cloth, and sundry knives and forks. Part of the goods were found in holes dug in the garden, which Wright's wife pointed out to the constable. Maria Sharpe, wife of John Sharpe, of Brampton, identified the articles produced as the property of the late Mr Waterhouse, Mrs. Sharpe had lived five years with Mr. W. as housekeeper, and left him seven years ago to be married. Wright was then fully committed for receiving the goods, knowing them to have been stolen.

Having disposed of this case, the sitting magistrate, Mr. Torkington, called upon William Francis, a machine-mender, or carpenter, of Little Stukeley, on the subject of the murder. Francis deposed to having been in company with Slade at the Swan public house on the night of Monday the 2d. Slade left between one and two o'clock, he seemed sober, and went up towards the church, which is the way both to his own house and to that of Mr. Waterhouse. This witness, and Mr. Woods, the constable of Stukeley, stated that they had compared Slade's shoes with the footmarks seen in the adjoining grounds, and found that they fitted exactly.

The case of the prisoner now seemed desperate. He was fully committed for trial, on a charge the heaviest which can be preferred against a human being, and a variety of circumstantial evidence had been adduced against him, which, together with his previous bad character, left little room to doubt of his guilt. A fortnight, however, had to intervene before he could be brought up for trial ; and we shall take this opportunity of presenting the reader with a more detailed account of the life and character of Mr. Waterhouse, and of his murderer.

Sketch of the Life of Mr. Waterhouse.

Mr. Waterhouse was born at his father's estate of Birch-hall, near Hayfield, in the parish of Glossop, Derbyshire, in January, 1746. He was the youngest of four children, all of whom have now paid the debt of nature. The history of his eldest brother is somewhat singular. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but disliking the business, or being naturally of a roving disposition, he ran away before the expiration of his apprenticeship. Repenting of this step, he wrote to his master desiring him to take him back, which the good-natured craftsman agreed to do. He had some doubts, however, of the lad's integrity, and as he went on horseback to fetch him home, he took the precautionary measure of fastening him to his own body, by means of a strap, to prevent his escape from the horse on which they were both seated. But even in this Crispin was foiled. As they were leisurely proceeding on their journey, the lad contrived to cut the strap

which bound him to his master, and slipping off the horse at a convenient part of the road, which was much wooded, he was speedily out of sight, and beyond the reach of his employer. The latter being unable to pursue him on horseback amidst the tangled wood, soon gave up the pursuit, and seeing the unpromising disposition of the youth, made no further inquiry after him. Young Waterhouse then enlisted, and was afterwards present at the battle of Fontenoy, where the allied forces, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, were partially defeated by the French in the year 1745. Towards the close of the day he was lying on the ground slightly wounded, and observing the slain body of an officer beside him on the field, he stretched out his arm, and made a pull at the officer's watch, which displayed the tempting appendages of a gold chain and seals. The unfortunate gentleman was in no condition to resist the attempt; but at that moment another person, bent on the same thieving errand, beheld the motion, and despairing of his booty if Waterhouse succeeded in obtaining it, he lifted up his rifle, and discharging it at his head, stretched him lifeless on the field! This anecdote we had from one of the heirs of the late Rev. Mr. Waterhouse.

Joshua was from his earliest years destined for a respectable station in society. His father, though not an affluent, was a respectable English farmer; and having given him the best education the place afforded, he determined upon sending his son to college. Accordingly, about the year 1771, he was entered of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. He took his first degree in 1774,

his next, A.M., in 1777, and S.T.B. (Bachelor of Divinity) in 1786. Mr. W. although he obtained a fellowship, did not much distinguish himself at college. His name is not once inserted in either lists of honours, and his election to a Fellowship was rather incidental to the Under-Graduates of his college that year not having obtained an honour (with the exception of Mr. Wood) than to any intrinsic merit. Having entered into orders, Mr. Waterhouse succeeded shortly afterwards to the college living of Coton, near Cambridge, which he was permitted to hold with his fellowship. On the death of Dr. Lowther Yates, in 1799, he was a candidate for the Mastership of the college, in which he was disappointed, though he was defeated by only a majority of one. It is said that, believing himself to be elected, he took some extraordinary steps to secure the appointment, such as taking possession of the Master's house, &c. but of course he was compelled to relinquish his transitory honours. During the period of his academic career, Mr. Waterhouse is described as being one of the handsomest, best-dressed men of his college. In company with his friend Sir John Danvers, Bart. who contributed materially to his advance in life, he visited Bath, and the various fashionable watering places, mingling with the best society, in "the bustle of the busy and the flutter of the gay."

About the year 1806 he obtained the next presentation to the rectory of Little Stukeley, for which, it is said he gave £2000. At the same time he bought a piece of land called the Denhills, in the same parish; and before his final removal to Stukeley, the rev. gen-

tleman used to visit it once or twice a year, to look at this land, and observe the condition of his stock, &c.

In 1813, the Rev. Dr. Torkington, incumbent of Little Stukeley, died, upon which Mr. Waterhouse succeeded to the living, and went thither, in June, to reside.* It is said that the change was in many respects agreeable to him. During the excessive high price of corn, about thirty years ago, he had excited a good deal of odium and evil report by keeping up many years' growth of wheat, which he afterwards sold at loss. Several charges for immoral conduct are also said to have been preferred against him before the Bishop of Ely; and it was therefore equally natural and proper that the rev. gentleman should desire to enter upon a new scene of action, in which he might, if so disposed, correct the errors of his past conduct, and in which he would at all events be removed from the observation of his former censors. Happy, if he had carried with him into his new residence a sincere desire for the welfare of his flock, and a resolution to maintain the respectability of the sacred character with which he was invested.

The latter years of Mr. Waterhouse's life presented a woful contrast to the honourable scenes amidst which his youth and manhood were spent, and furnish ample matter for reflection to those who love to study the various phases and aberrations of human nature. For the

* The Register of Little Stukeley commences in 1655. On the first leaf is written as follows:

Benjamin Gery succeeded Mr. William Halley 1657, and died 1699.

Leonard Green succeeded, and died 1737,

James Torkington succeeded, and died 1813.

Joshua Waterhouse succeeded.

last twenty or thirty years of his life, the rev. gentleman might be considered as no bad representative of a certain class of English Clergy of the last century, who sat as models for the portraitures of Fielding and other satirists, but who are happily now fast disappearing. In dress and manners he was simple as Abraham Adams himself; though it must be confessed, in certain points of his character, he bore a closer resemblance to Parson Trulliber. The whole of the land attached to his rectory at Stukeley, about 300 acres, he retained in his own occupation, and busied himself incessantly, though often very unprofitably, in the management of his rural affairs. As he would seldom pay his labourers the wages usually given in the parish, his land remained uncultivated if work was to be obtained elsewhere, and last year he had not completed his hay-harvest till considerably after Michaelmas. Frequently the snow might be seen on Mr. Waterhouse's standing grain, or the cattle feeding in his corn-fields. The same blind parsimony led him to hoard up his produce, till the greater part became rotten and useless. Every room in the parsonage, with the exception of the kitchen and a sleeping room, was filled with grain or wool, and in different granaries in Huntingdon, the rev. gentleman had about 600 loads of corn. In consequence of this unnatural "impropriation" the rectory abounded with rats, which exacted a tithe of their master's crops, besides dilapidating his mansion "from turret to foundation stone."*

* A ludicrous instance of the prevalence of these vermin in the house occurred lately. One of the men employed to sit up with the corpse of the deceased gentleman had just dropped off into a gentle slumber, when a tremendous rat mounted the table, and ran off with the candle. The poor fellow, on being awakened by the noise, was almost frightened out of his wits.

In the same spirit, the windows of the house were blocked up—the garden became a wilderness—and scores of pigs disported in front of the rectory door, formerly graced with a lawn, and a carriage entrance. A few years since, Mr. Waterhouse believing himself to be on the brink of matrimony, had two or three of his apartments elegantly furnished. Men were employed from Cambridge to complete the undertaking, and about £300. were expended in making preparations for the expected bride. But from some undiscovered cause the match was broken off—the moreen curtains and splendid mirrors were suffered to remain in the cotton coverings which enveloped them, and the Turkey carpets, instead of being pressed by the foot of beauty, were covered with sprung grain!

Every Saturday Mr. Waterhouse attended Huntingdon market on foot, sometimes driving his pigs before him; and after transacting his farming business, he used to carry home in a basket his tea and sugar, and other necessaries for the week. He had all the indifference of a Stoic of the woods to the various changes of the weather. Amidst hail, rain, and snow, the aged rector might be seen perambulating his grounds, or hallooing to his workmen or cattle. When his clothes were soiled after following the pleasures of the chace, of which at one time he was very fond, frequently rising before day-break, or sleeping under hedges, to be early in the field on the first of September, the rev. gentleman required no extensive wardrobe to repair the mishaps of his outward man. On these occasions he used to visit the fish-pond situated on his premises, and with the aid

of a brush, copiously charged with water, restore the wonted respectability to his personal appearance.

A favourite grey horse which he had reared was latterly a source of much pride and gratification to Mr. Waterhouse. This beautiful animal he intended to exhibit for a week at the horse bazaar, and then present it to his Majesty. It is said that he was offered above £200. for the horse, but refused to sell it, as the intended purchaser had rather outwitted him in a former bargain. Two horses bred from the same mare had fetched £600. in London, although Mr. W. had incautiously parted with them at less than half that sum. To be revenged on the dealers, Mr. Waterhouse, with his usual policy, determined that they should never again enrich themselves at his expence. The memorable speech of the Duke of York on the Catholic claims so transported the rev. gentleman, that in the extacy of the moment he exclaimed, “the Duke shall have my beautiful creature”—the appellation he generally bestowed on his favourite horse. At the sale of the rev. gentleman’s effects, this highly-prized animal was sold for 155 guineas. The sale was attended by thousands of individuals, attracted by the value of the stock, the various circumstances attending the sale, and the unusual fineness of the day. Every horse, gig, and chaise in the county was in requisition; and droves of pedestrians braved the summer’s heat and dust to visit the far-famed parsonage. Though living in such a “*muddling* way,” as the villagers term it, Mr. W. was possessed of a variety of excellent furniture; and few farmers could boast of a better stocked farm-yard. He had 15 horses,

about 15 cows and calves, 200 sheep and lambs, a numerous progeny of hogs, pigs, &c. amounting in all to about 150. These might be truly termed the family of Mr. Waterhouse. Induced by the chagrins of life, or false views of his own interest and comfort, he relinquished the society of his equals, and lavished upon the irrational objects around him that care and anxiety which should have been devoted to higher purposes.

In politics, Mr. W. was a zealous Tory, and decidedly opposed to granting any further concessions to the Catholics ; if ever they attained to power, he used to say, he should fall the first martyr to the fires of persecution ; for the Catholics could not but be aware of his strenuous resistance to their claims.

The following passage in the life of this singular clergyman is worthy the pencil of Cruickshank. To beggars of all descriptions he had a strong insuperable aversion : and as in most small villages the domicile of the rector is only inferior in importance to the mansion of the squire, numbers of these itinerants contrived to way-lay the path of the rector of Stukeley, with prayers and supplications. Of course they were always repulsed with scorn and indignation, and not unfrequently veteran tars and soldiers might be seen at his gate shouldering their crutches, not to shew how fields were won, but to attempt the achievement of fresh victories. One Sunday, while performing divine service, the rector perceived from a window in the church a sturdy mendicant prowling about his grounds, whom he instantly determined to remove in the most prompt and efficacious manner. Watching a favourable moment, the preacher

descended from the desk ; after giving out the Psalm, and throwing off his surplice at the church door, he instantly attacked the graceless intruder, and fairly *thrashed* him off the premises. Having performed this feat, Mr. W. coolly re-entered the church at the conclusion of the Psalm, and proceeded to read the Lessons of the day.* On one point the rector of Stukeley was a careful shepherd of his flock ; he would not suffer any of his parishioners to appear in Church dressed in a *smock frock*, the usual garb of our agricultural labourers ; and if a hapless rustic chanced to drop in arrayed in the prohibited *toga*, he was instantly ordered by the pastor to quit the Church. This severity of discipline was the more extraordinary in Mr. Waterhouse, as few men were more careless of their own exterior. A coarse blue great coat, corduroy breeches, and light grey stockings, formed his usual costume.

As a necessary consequence, from his unaccommodating disposition and outré manners, Mr. Waterhouse was but little respected by his humble parishioners. One Sunday whilst delivering his sermon, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a boy in the Church, who was standing up, swinging his body backwards and forwards. “ What is the matter with that boy,” said he, “ he does not seem *right*.” “ If you were as right as he is,” rejoined the boy’s father, speaking aloud, “ you

* An anecdote similar to the above is related of Mr. W. at Coton. He one Sunday told the Clerk, Mr. Agar, to give out a good long psalm, whilst he went to the parsonage to dislodge a young man, a miller, whom he had seen enter his house, and who was in the habit of visiting his housekeeper. The clerk, faithful to his trust, sung on till the rector returned, by which time he had accomplished about twenty verses.

would be better than you are." The rector proceeded, but observing the boy continue in the same position, he again stopped. "Cannot that boy sit down," he said, "he must be out of his senses." "I tell you again," said the former interlocutor in this strange dialogue, "that if you were as sensible as he is, you would be better than you are." No further interruption took place; and it would be difficult to say which party stood in the most humiliating light,—the parent of the boy who could so far forget the sanctity and decorum of the place, or the clergyman to whom such language could with seeming propriety be addressed. It is worthy of remark that almost the only poor family in the village to whom Mr. W. seemed to shew any attention or regard was the family of the Slades.

At Coton, Mr. W. was distinguished for the same eccentricities which afterwards marked his conduct at Stukeley. Being then a Fellow of Catherine Hall, he was entitled to dine at his college, and he never failed, we believe, to walk into Cambridge, duly every day, to participate in the banquet. An old woman of the parish, whose door he used to pass in the course of these daily peregrinations, frequently surprised him by invoking blessings on his head, and praying for the prolongation of his life. One day while the aged dame was dropping her usual curtesy, and pouring out her unusual benedictions, the rector stopped and enquired the reason why his parishioner always saluted him so kindly—"You know, sir," she replied, "it is said that after bad comes worse, and I am sure when you are taken away, we shall have the *old one* himself." Mr. W. it is said,

laughed at the joke, and gave the old woman a penny.

Amongst the numerous peculiarities which marked the wayward ill-regulated mind of Mr. Waterhouse, may be reckoned an excessive fondness for the company and amusements of children, which contrasted strangely with his usually selfish, violent, and even morose temper. He seldom passed a child in the streets without addressing it in a tone of good humour or affection. He delighted also in teasing his poor uncouth farm-boys, in sending them upon wrong errands—and standing over them brandishing a whip, with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up, whilst the terrified rustics were eating their victuals.

Mr. W. died intestate, though possessed of considerable property. His two livings were worth about £700 or £800. per annum, and if we consider his advanced age, and his solitary, economical habits, we shall readily believe that his property amounted to several thousands. It is a remarkable circumstance in his remarkable life, that though he lived to such an advanced age in a state of celibacy, and though his usual tastes and pursuits were of such a nature as seem calculated to deaden every trace of the “tender passion,” his correspondence consists almost entirely of *love letters*. So careless was the rev. gentleman of these amatory epistles, that latterly they might be found lying scattered about his kitchen, open to the gaze of every curious visitor. Several of them, written about forty years ago, when Mr. W. was in the hey-day of life and fashion, breathed the most ardent attachment and devotedness to his interests. Others were of a more worldly, every-day character :

Mr. Waterhouse was in both the object of unbounded regard and affection ; but in the latter, a spirit of prudence prevailed ; and tender enquiries after his health and spirits, were accompanied by admonitions no less tender respecting the management of his cows and pigs. Mr. W. used to say that he had love letters enough, of one kind or another, to cook the marriage feast, whenever it should take place ; and that the rev. gentleman was not far wrong in his conjecture may be guessed from the fact, that at the time of his death, these melting epistles were numerous enough to fill an entire sack. Amongst the many fair ones to whom the singular rector of Stukeley paid his addresses was the once-famous Mary Wolstonecroft, distinguished during the period of the French Revolution for her democratical writings, and afterwards united to Mr. Godwin, author of *St. Leon*, &c. How far the rev. gentleman sped in his wooing with this intellectual amazon we have not been able to ascertain ; but, like all his other attachments, his passion for the author of the *Rights of Woman* was destined to evince the truth of the poet's observation,

The course of true love never did run smooth.

In 1823, a man named Savage was executed at Huntingdon for arson, and Mr. W., like many others, went to witness the painful exhibition. On the road he happened to meet with Joshua Slade, and it is worthy of remark, that they entered Huntingdon together, and beheld the criminal suffer. Could they have foreseen what was to occur in a few short years, with what feelings must they have regarded each other !

The last sermon preached by Mr. Waterhouse was in

his own church, from the following words, Job, chap. ii. v. 10, “*Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?*” In the morning of the same day (the Sunday prior to his death), he performed duty at the neighbouring parish of Upton, and preached an impressive discourse from these words, also in Job :—“*My soul is weary of my life; I will leave my complaint upon myself.*” (Chap. x., v. 1.) In the discharge of his clerical duties, particularly whilst engaged in reading the Lessons, Mr. W. was frequently overpowered by his feelings, and compelled to stop. The selfish and sordid passions which, in his intercourse with the world, seemed to hold such a mastery over his heart and understanding, vanished before the touching exhortations and sublime truths of the Gospel, and unable to contain himself he would burst into tears.

A short time before his death he made a singular request with regard to his funeral.—“Let me,” said he to his clerk, “be buried twelve feet deep—my coffin standing perpendicularly on its foot: let my face front the east: I shall then be ready: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.”—This request was not literally complied with: his grave was dug to nearly the depth of twelve feet, but his coffin was placed in the usual position.

The life and history of this eccentric, ill-fated clergyman will long be remembered, and will serve, we hope, as a beacon, to warn succeeding clergymen from the dangerous courses into which he fell. We forbear entering into details over which humanity counsels us to draw a veil—Let his errors sleep with him in the grave, and

Be not remembered in his epitaph.

Joshua Slade.

Joshua Slade was born at Great Stukeley, on the 14th of January, 1809, and was the third of nine children. His parents were in the lowest condition of our agricultural poor, and, burdened with the maintenance of so numerous a family, could not afford, even if their inclination had prompted them, to provide their children with the rudiments of education. It appears, however, that Joshua received some instruction at a Sunday School established in the village. He had mastered the drudgery of learning his letters, and could spell words of one or two syllables. The benevolent lady who instructed him, from his aptness and attention, was fond of her scholar : she rewarded him frequently with merit tickets, and gave him a suit of clothes. One Sunday in returning from the school, he lost his tickets, and this serving as a pretext for non-attendance, no consideration could afterwards induce him to go again to school. The little learning that he had gained was consequently soon forgotten ; and deprived of this opportunity of acquiring knowledge, he was left literally destitute of all religious and moral instruction. We wish to say nothing harshly of his parents ; but the gradual deterioration which has, of late years, taken place in the general character and condition of our labourers is a subject fraught with melancholy reflection. The situation of the best and most virtuous amongst them can hardly be viewed without sorrow and regret. When fully employed, their wages are barely sufficient to afford them a maintenance, and when overtaken with sickness and family



J O S H U A S L A D E .

Drawn from life by E. Preston. — Printed by C. Hullmandel .



misfortune—or thrown into debt from the pressure of unavoidable circumstances—the poor peasant has no means of extricating himself—no alternative but to apply to the parish. The institution of a legal provision for the poor reflects honour upon the humanity of the country, but it loses its proper character, and ceases to be beneficial, when indiscriminately applied. It certainly never was contemplated by our ancestors, that agricultural labourers should receive part of their wages from the poor's box. This is an innovation of modern times; and one, we are sorry to say, which has obtained a footing in this county. What can be more cruel or preposterous than that young able-bodied men should receive only six or seven shillings per week from the farmer, and be sent to the parish to make up the means of subsistence for themselves and families? They are thus brought up in the degrading habit of dependence, and lose all self-estimation, industry, and regard for character; whilst the poor shopkeeper or tradesman of the village is compelled to assist in paying the farmers' labourers. A system at once so short-sighted and iniquitous must have tended materially to lower the national character of our peasantry. Other causes have doubtless co-operated in no small degree; but by making our labourers paupers—by doling out the same mite to the idle as to the industrious,—we destroy all motives to honest industry, and break the spirit of manly independence.

Had Joshua Slade been early and habitually taught his duty to God and man, and received even a common education, he could scarcely have failed in proving a

useful and intelligent member of society. He was naturally of quick and lively parts, and his progress in religious knowledge during the short period of his imprisonment was truly astonishing. He surprised all who visited him by the readiness and acuteness of his answers. Unfortunately, however, his mind was suffered to run waste, at the time when it was capable of receiving the strongest impressions. He saw nothing that was good around him, and consequently had no check upon his evil inclinations. His natural activity sought employment in fraud and cunning; and from his earliest years he was looked upon as a lad of suspicious character. The first open act of dishonesty in which he was detected occurred in his fourteenth year. A neighbour, Mrs. Bedford, having occasion one day to leave her house, locked the door, and deposited the key in a place where the different members of her family were accustomed to leave it for their mutual convenience. The action was observed by young Slade, who happened at the time to be working in an adjoining close. He instantly repaired to the house, opened the door, and abstracted a sovereign from a bureau which stood in the room. On discovering their loss, Mrs. Bedford and family suspected Slade, and going to his father's cottage, taxed him with the theft. For some time the audacious boy denied it in the strongest terms; but on his father promising him a shilling if he gave up the money, he drew the sovereign from his pocket and laid it on his father's chair, when it was delivered to the owner. On this occasion, the mother of the boy remarked "that it was a good job for him, as he had got a shilling by it."

The propriety of such a remark, made at such a time, requires no comment. Yet who can peruse it without reflecting on the awful responsibility of parents, and the importance of early instruction and good example.

Slade had previously been employed as a herd by the family whom, on the above occasion he robbed. When a boy he was distinguished for his obstinate, head-strong disposition ; if spoken sharply to for any neglect, he would instantly run away, and it required some coaxing to make him return. His mother states that he would sometimes sleep in the fields for two or three nights together, if offended at home. There was nothing, according to the testimony of his parents, that Joshua could not turn his hand to. "Had he been a scholar," says his mother, "he would have been a *forg*er."

In 1824, William Slade, the father, was turned out of his house, and his effects sold for debt ; upon which he removed with his family to the neighbouring village of Little Stukeley, where he rented a small cottage belonging to Mrs. Eady, of Huntingdon. The overseers of his former parish paid the rent, and allowed the old man and his wife five shillings per week. Joshua was by this time grown a stout active youth, and though slightly made, was of a sinewy, muscular frame, capable of enduring much fatigue. He now went regularly to work ; and, amongst others, was employed by the rector of the parish, Mr. Waterhouse. He was, we believe, a good industrious labourer, though but little esteemed by any of his employers. From November 1826, to May 1827, he was in the service of Mr Hall, farmer, of Little Stukeley, and conducted himself with general

propriety, till the last week of the above time, when Mr. Hall, detecting him in a petty theft, discharged him from his premises. This seems to have been the last place in which Slade was regularly employed. During the nine or ten weeks which intervened before the murder of Mr. Waterhouse, he did no work, with the exception of a day or two's mowing ; and as his parents were unable to support him, he must have chiefly subsisted on the property he had dishonestly acquired. On the day of the murder he was engaged to work with Mr. William Stanion, but of course did not go.

During the last year of his residence at Little Stukeley, Slade contracted an intimacy with a fitting associate, William Heddings, of whom we have already given some account. Heddings's close runs up almost to the door of Slade's cottage, and they had thus frequent opportunities of meeting, and laying their plans together. The connexion of Slade with this incorrigible rascal confirmed him in vice, and completed his ruin. A companion of a different character might have weaned him from his vicious habits, and given a new direction to his mind ; but meeting with one hackneyed in the paths of crime, and insensible to all feelings of compunction, every moral barrier was broken down, and every restraint removed. Some of the robberies committed jointly by Slade and Heddings have already been detailed in the different examinations before the magistrates ; and it is to be feared there were but too many others which have not yet been divulged. The natural courage and hardihood of Slade urged him on to greater lengths than his associate intended, but the latter never failed to reap

the principal part of the booty. John Slade, an elder brother of Joshua, was joined to the party last Michaelmas ; but he appears to have been a youth of better principle, and was soon disgusted with the trade.

Amongst the numerous persons in the county who experienced the nocturnal visitations of this gang, Mr Waterhouse was perhaps the greatest sufferer. We have seen that Slade stole a variety of articles from the parsonage, amounting in all to about £20., which he sold to Lansdale Wright. Heddings confessed that they one night entered the farm-yard of the rev gentleman, and drove off six pigs, which they took to Peterborough market and sold ; and, strange to say, they were never missed by the unsuspecting rector. They were also possessed of a bunch of skeleton keys, twenty-seven in number, with which they could open every room in the house ; and on Sunday mornings, during the time of divine service, Heddings and Slade frequently repaired to the parsonage, and regaled themselves on the ale and wine of the rector's cellar. Often has this deluded minister, after being plundered, gone to Lucas, the parish constable, proceeded with him to the cottage of Slade's parents, and identified property of which he had been deprived. On these occasions, the peace-officer took possession of the discovered booty ; immediately, however, on quitting this den of thieves, the venerable expounder usually remarked—" Well, officer, here's your money ; I'll let them rest this time ; but if they sin again, I will not forgive them " On searching the premises of Slade, after the murder, a sack and powder-flask, belonging to the rev. gentleman, were found

concealed in the thatch of the pig-stye ; and a pair of handsome silver-mounted pistols, also belonging to Mr. Waterhouse, were picked up amongst the dung in the same place. Slade himself confessed that he had hid the pistols in the thatch, thrusting up his arm as far as he could ; and from this depository they had dropped into the soil.

From the statements of his mother, it appears that Slade had stolen the pistols long before the time of the above robbery. Mr. Waterhouse missing them, informed Slade's sister (who then lived servant in the house) that some one had stolen his pistols, and would surely murder him. The girl, to appease his anxiety and perturbation, in a few days carried back the pistols, which she had found concealed in her mother's house. Her desperate and deluded brother, however, had again laid his hands on the dangerous instruments, meditating the commission of the atrocious crime which he was destined afterwards to accomplish.

Nothing could exceed the determined character of Slade and his accomplices—wherever they went to plunder, they went also with the decided resolution of destroying any one who might chance to oppose them in the attainment of their object ; and two or three individuals who suffered by their depredations, may congratulate themselves that they did not fall victims to the desperate courage of these ruffians.—The night that the house of Mr. Thomson, of Stow, was plundered, was at the time of the feast ; and whilst the delinquents were busily engaged inside, Mr. T. came home, and finding the door open and some things

displaced, immediately went (supposing some person had been robbing the house) to procure assistance ; in the mean while, the plunderers, being disturbed, made off, taking with them a bureau, which they carried to some distance and then ransacked.—At the time two hogs were stolen from Mr. Goodliffe, of Wood Walton, Mr. G. has not a doubt but that he was crossing the yard at the moment they were in the sty; but regarding the noise made by the hogs as nothing unusual, he fortunately did not proceed to ascertain the cause: had he discovered them, Slade declared it was their intention to have destroyed him.—On another occasion, Slade and Heddings, (together with one or two other desperadoes, whom the arm of the law has not yet reached) were one evening drinking in a public-house in Huntingdon, when they observed a small farmer, who was also present, to have a considerable sum of money on him—they resolved to dispossess him of his cash, and going home immediately, they armed themselves with pistols, and secreted themselves in a part of the road which they knew he must pass on his way homewards, determined to plunder him, even at the expense of his life. Fortunately for the person alluded to, he had taken too much of Boniface's brown stout to brave the perils of the night, and was persuaded to take a bed at the house at which he had been drinking.—By this prudent step he probably saved his own life, and disappointed the ruffians of their expected booty.

Some of our readers may recollect that at the time of the last General Election, the Rev. Mr. Fell, of Huntingdon, had a fat hog stolen from his premises, on the

very night previous to the day on which it was intended to kill the animal. This well-timed theft was committed by the Stukeley gang; but being already burthened with the products of the night, gleaned from various quarters, they were unable to carry home the hog. They accordingly left it, tied down in a hamper, in a field near Huntingdon, where it was found some time afterwards literally starved to death.

Every moonlight night was devoted by this infamous party to purposes of plunder, when sheep-folds, hen-roosts, and farm-yards were visited and ransacked; as the party consisted of several individuals, who were adepts in the practice, the work of plunder lasted but a few seconds; and they generally escaped without exciting any alarm. On returning at day-break from these nocturnal depredations, laden with their booty, Heddings and the two Slades were frequently observed by the inhabitants of Little Stukeley; but, from a dread of encountering their resentment, no one dared to become informer. Heddings asserted, while in prison, that he never saw a lock which he could not open, and under his tuition Slade attained to equal perfection in the art. He used to sit for hours in the little sleeping-room of his father's cottage, filing and preparing picklock keys, and when he heard his mother or sister coming up stairs, he would snatch up the apparatus of theft, and hide it in his box, or amidst the lumber of the room. "There was no use in speaking to him," to adopt the words of his parents, "as he would answer only with oaths; and he was grown too big and headstrong for correction." From such a career, the closing scene of the life of this

desperate and unhappy youth might be safely prognosticated.

A striking proof of the hardness of heart and callousness of feeling, which latterly characterised Slade, was afforded by the following incident, which took place a few days after the murder. Before his final apprehension, he requested permission to take a farewell glance at the remains of Mr. Waterhouse. The body was then incased; but the lid was unscrewed to gratify the wish of the suspected murderer. He gazed upon it without the least visible emotion, remarking how "hardly the poor old gentleman had been dealt with," and that it was impossible the tremendous wound on the jaw could have been inflicted with a knife!—The young woman who accompanied him to the coffin, and who related the incident to the writer of these pages, said she was so struck with the cold indifference of his manner, and his fiendish looks, as to be obliged to leave the room.* His mother states that when he came home on the night of the murder, his face was flushed and red, and there was something uncommon in his looks and manner. She asked him where he had been all day; he answered at Godmanchester, seeing his sister; he felt poorly, he said, in the morning, and could not go to work. His mother then told him of the death of Mr. Waterhouse, and of the general opinion that he

* An incident somewhat similar is related in history of a much greater criminal. After the death of Charles I., a man deeply masked entered at midnight into the room where the body of the martyred monarch was deposited, and after gazing on it intently for some time, remarked how well the body seemed formed for length of life; and muttering the words, "Cruel necessity," retired. Lord Southampton and others who were sitting with the corpse believed the visitor to be Oliver Cromwell.

had been murdered.—“ Yes,” replied Joshua, “ when I heard the news, I thought I should have *swounded*.” He afterwards said, that perhaps there were two persons concerned in the murder, and one of them might impeach against the other. In this cool deliberate strain of hypocrisy did the young but artful villain gloss over his guilt, His parents and other relatives, believed from the first that Joshua was the murderer; but from their knowledge of his close malignant temper and disposition, none of them imagined that he would ever confess.

We come now, in the regular course of our narrative to

The Assizes.

Crowded as our small town generally is during the week of the Assizes, at no former period did it exhibit so large a concourse of strangers and visitors from the country as were assembled upon this occasion. The interest excited by the murder of Mr. Waterhouse has been correspondent with the atrocity of the deed, and the infrequency of such occurrences. Thousands of persons of both sexes, during the three foregoing weeks, visited the premises of the deceased, and though we have heard of no relics being carried away by pious strangers, as was the case at Gill’s Hill, the gloomy passage in which the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last, with its bloodstained walls, and the surrounding grounds through which the murderer escaped, have been traced by many an anxious and curious observer. It is difficult at all times to repress the efforts of idle, vulgar curiosity; and, perhaps, in cases of this kind,

like the Spartan exhibitions of drunkenness, its gratification may be attended with salutary results.

Mr. Baron Garrow and Lord Chief Baron Alexander arrived on Saturday afternoon from Bedford. On Sunday morning the learned judges attended divine service at St. Mary's church, where an excellent and highly appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward Theed, M.A. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. The text chosen by the rev. gentleman was that impressive portion of the Decalogue, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" in descending upon which the preacher drew a vivid picture of the gradual progress of vice from its first dawnings in the human mind to its consummation in the crime of murder. He also pointed out with equal truth and eloquence the immense importance of an oath in the administration both of criminal and civil justice.

About two o'clock the learned judges repaired to the scene of the murder, and minutely examined the topography (if we may so speak) of the spot. The numerous stains of blood still remain, as we have hinted above, on the floor and walls; and the tub in which the deceased was found immediately after the murder maintained the same position in the corner.

MONDAY, JULY 30th.

At an early hour this morning, the Market-place in front of the Town-Hall, or Court House, was thronged with individuals anxious to witness the trial of Joshua Slade, which, it was confidently anticipated would come on to day. At nine o'clock Baron Alexander entered the court, when a tremendous rush took place, and the

utmost anxiety was manifested to obtain admission. The court was instantly filled, but through the judicious arrangements and personal superintendence of the undersheriff (C. Margetts, Esq.) the inconvenience likely to result from a crowded court in such intensely hot weather, was almost wholly obviated. The following noblemen and gentlemen were sworn on the

GRAND JURY.

LORD VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE, M.P. *Foreman.*

Lord John Russell, M.P.
W. H. Fellowes, Esq. M.P.
John Heathcote, Esq.
Lawrence Reynolds, Esq.
Denzil Onslow, Esq.
James Torkington, Esq.
G. Thornhill, jun. Esq.
John Bonfoy Rooper, Esq.
John Carstairs, Esq.
George Thompson, Esq.
David Rowley, Esq.

George Rust, Esq.
T. W. Vaughan, Esq.
W. Pears, Esq.
John Maxwell, Esq.
Samuel Newton, Esq.
James Linton, Esq.
Edward Theed, Esq.
Castle Sherard, Esq.
Richard Smith, Esq.
David Veasey, Esq.
Anthony M. Darnell, Esq.

The Lord Chief Baron shortly addressed them :—On one case in the calendar he thought it would be proper to offer a few observations. The case to which he alluded was one of murder, the greatest crime, certainly, which could be inflicted against human society. It was highly necessary that the evidence should be strong and clear before the prisoner could be convicted, or even put upon his trial. On the other hand, equal care should be taken that the ends of justice be not defeated by the escape of the prisoner. It was an important point for their consideration, that if the evidence was not sufficient to ensure conviction, and if the prisoner was acquitted, should any, even the clearest, evidence of his guilt be subsequently discovered, it would be of no avail ; for the prisoner could plead that he had been

before tried and acquitted on the same charge, and such a plea would in law be held to be insurmountable.

Contrary to general expectation, the trial of Slade did not come on to day. The following cases were disposed of:—

James May, aged 28, was indicted for petty larceny, in stealing on the 5th of July, a brass tap and some old metal, from the shop of Mr. Carrington, of St. Neots, ironmonger, valued at 2s. 6d.—*Not Guilty*.

John Blackwell, aged 35, for stealing two sheep, the property of Mr. Titchmarsh, of Hemingford Abbots.—*Guilty*.—*Death recorded*.

James Chandler, aged 25, for stealing an ewe sheep from Mr. Peppercorn, Eynesbury.—*Guilty* —*Death recorded*.

Elijah Marshall, aged 58, was indicted for having, in conjunction with his son, broken into the dwelling house of Mr John Smith, grocer and draper, of Broughton, in this county, and stealing a large quantity of goods and money, to the amount of upwards of three hundred pounds.—The jury returned their verdict “that the prisoner was guilty of having a part of the property in his possession, knowing it to have been stolen, but that he did not enter the house.” The learned judge said, that as the prisoner was charged in the indictment with having burglariously entered the dwelling house, he must, from the verdict delivered by the jury, direct the prisoner to be *acquitted*.

William Apethorpe, aged 20, was found *guilty* of stealing a cake of the value of 4s. and a metal ring, the property of Thomas Richards, of Offord Darcy, and

sentenced to nine months' imprisonment and hard labour. —It is more important to the purpose of this narrative to state, that the Grand Jury found no true bill against *William Slade*, aged 64, and *Elizabeth Slade*, aged 56, charged with feloniously receiving a gun and other property from Joshua Slade.

No true bill against Lansdale Wright, for feloniously receiving divers goods and chattels, the property of the representatives of the late Rev. Joshua Waterhouse.

TUESDAY, JULY 31st.

Trial of Joshua Slade.

Exactly at nine o'clock this morning, Lord Chief Baron Alexander entered the Court, and shortly afterwards Slade was placed at the bar. Amongst the company present we observed Lord Mandeville, his brother Lord William Montagu, Lord John Russell, Mr. Fellowes, &c. Reporters for the Local Press, and for the following London papers, were also in attendance—The Times, Courier, Morning Chronicle, Morning Herald, Sun, and Standard. The Court was crowded to excess, but the utmost silence prevailed. Our readers are already acquainted with the extreme youth of the prisoner: he was only 18 years of age. He was about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and of a slight make. His complexion was of a dark sun-burnt hue, to which his solitary confinement had imparted a sallow tinge. The general character of his countenance was that of stupid hardihood and insensibility; but on closer inspection, there appeared something extremely villainous in the expression of his eyes—his upturned

nose, low forehead, and beetling eyebrows, which were slightly arched and met in the centre.

The Clerk of the arraigns, Mr. Edgell, read the indictment, charging him, in the emphatic phraseology of the law, with having wilfully murdered the Rev. Joshua Waterhouse, clerk, in Little Stukeley, in this county, on the 3d day of July, instant, by feloniously assaulting the said Joshua Waterhouse, and giving him several mortal wounds, of which he languished a short time and then died. The prisoner manifested not the slightest emotion or concern during the whole of the trial. On being asked in the usual manner, whether he was guilty or not guilty, he deliberately replied “not guilty.”

The following jury was then sworn :—

William Bedford, jun, Earith.	John Catling, Ramsey.
Richard Bedford, Ramsey.	Henry Cope, Buckden.
Thomas Beeton, sen. Ramsey.	John Day, Ramsey.
William Behagg, Ramsey.	James Darlow, Ramsey.
William Bradley, Alwalton.	Richard Fox, Brampton.
William Butler, Ramsey.	Joseph Garratt.

Mr. Serjeant STOKES, with whom was Mr. Maltby and Mr. Hunt for the prosecution, opened the case, in a calm and temperate speech, delivered with great earnestness and impressiveness of manner.—Standing, he said, as he did, in the situation of a public prosecutor, he was anxious to pay homage to the benevolent administration of the laws of his country, by abstaining from all inflammatory statements. He was anxious to present a simple, cold narrative of facts. In the same spirit he trusted that the jury would forget every thing that they might have heard to the prejudice of the prisoner,—and anxiously guard themselves against even the ordinary

sympathies of their natures. He trusted that they would regulate their verdict altogether according to the force and distinctiveness of the evidence to be adduced before them, and would, in deciding upon the fate of a fellow creature, remember that they were in the presence of that Being without whose knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. The deceased, Mr. Waterhouse, was the rector of Little Stukeley. From early disappointment, or from eccentric habits, he had separated himself from society; living in a large house fit for the accommodation of a gentleman in his station of life, he had not only neglected his residence, but had devoted the greater part of it to various agricultural purposes, and confined himself to two rooms and a bed-room, and latterly almost to one only. He had had various servants whom he had dismissed, and lately was without any. A char-woman and girl came to do what was necessary in his domestic department, and two boys to attend to his pigs. His habits were to rise early, and to live with his servants in the kitchen—to breakfast at an early hour, and then to betake himself to—what seemed almost the sole business of his life—his farming concerns. On the morning of the 3d of July he arose as usual and breakfasted; about nine o'clock he drew some beer and rinsed out the mug, the last act he was seen to perform. The boys were ordered to go and look after the pigs, and the woman and girl were ordered to betake themselves to the field, which they did. About half-past ten the boys returned to take their luncheon which they brought with them from their homes—they went into the kitchen, and out of the kitchen

there is a passage, and in the passage there was a large tub—hanging over the sides of this tub they saw the legs of Mr. Waterhouse. Some extraordinary operation of mind instantly took place—they were struck with involuntary fear, but they had no defined notion of what had taken place. They went over to the other side of the street to a person's house of the name of Whitney. Shortly after came up to the door a person of the name of Rogers, with a horse, which he fastened to the gate, and went to the kitchen door; the dog barking fiercely he struck it a violent blow, and the dog returned into his kennel. He knocked at the door, but received no answer; and during the time he stood there he heard some indistinct noise as he thought of some persons going up and down the stairs. Alarm was excited, and others came to the spot—the house was entered, and then was found the dead body of Mr. Waterhouse, he having just previously breathed his last. At this time his body was quite warm. Upon examining it, it was found he had received a violent blow on the jaw, and his neck was in a dreadfully mangled state. Upon such an occurrence as this, of course universal alarm was spread at once. In the same village lived the prisoner at the bar, in a cottage not far from the parsonage; he lived with his father and mother, two brothers, a sister, and a person whom he should call before them of the name of Sykes. Suspicion lighted on the prisoner; inquiry was set on foot, and he was called upon to give an account of himself at the time of the murder. He stated that he had been to his sister's, at Godmanchester, to invite her to Stukeley feast—that he was at a public house at

Huntingdon, and at a public house also at Godmanchester, and his sister was called upon to confirm this account. He should prove to the jury, that at one o'clock in the morning he left the public house at Stukeley; at three o'clock in the morning, a person, whose walk and dress resembled the prisoner's (and he should prove that his gait or walk was remarkable) was seen to approach the garden gate of the parsonage; the deceased keeping a key of the gate, and that key being usually deposited in a particular place on the wall; the person who was seen to approach the gate appeared to look for that key and not to find it; he was then seen to get over the wall. There were also some prints of footsteps seen; but that part of the case he should leave to the witnesses to state. He was anxious not to make any undue impression; there were prints of footsteps to be seen near the window, and at a particular stile. About ten o'clock in the morning was seen at some distance a person in dress resembling the prisoner at the bar, coming from the direction of the house; he was seen to go under a tunnel, and not to leave it. The prisoner at the bar had lived in the service of Mr. Waterhouse, and so also had his sister, but had been dismissed from his service; the premises of the deceased must, therefore, be well known to him. After suspicion had fallen upon the prisoner, and his statements proved false, other examinations took place. His dress was examined, and marks of blood were found in various parts of it—the prisoner attempted to account for this by saying he had cut his finger, and wiped the blood on his clothes. A further investigation took place; and

belonging to a man who lived as a part of the same family with the prisoner, of the name of Sykes, was found a woodman's bill. He had used it in the spring—he had then carefully cleaned it and deposited it in a cupboard—he had not himself removed it. There are no outlets in the cottage of the father by which anybody can have access to the cupboard excepting through the house. A person must pass through the keeping-room to get to the outbuilding. This bill was found in a state which he (the learned Sergeant) should not describe—it would be produced before them. The prisoner was taken up, and when he went to gaol he was asked to produce the knife ; he said his mother had got it—that was false—it was found upon him, and it had marks upon it resembling blood. This was the circumstantial part of the case ; and before he introduced to them a piece of evidence of the greatest weight and importance—and in the introduction of that witness he was anxious not to deceive them as it respected his character. He would put into the witness-box a person of the name of Heddings—they would hear from him the detail of what passed between him and the prisoner. At the termination of the second meeting of the coroner's inquest, the prisoner at the bar and Heddings were seen together. Heddings would narrate what the nature of the conversation was, if they could believe him ; and he (Sergeant S.) hardly knew that he ought to say so, for he was not concerned in this transaction, nor suspected ; and he should distinctly prove that it was impossible that he could be present at the murder. The prisoner was told what Heddings had said ; he answered, if he had

known what Heddings had been about, he would have done his business for him. The learned Sergeant then said, he had no doubt that the Jury would most conscientiously and most religiously do their duty. If they eventually entertained no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, they would by their verdict deliver him to the justice of the country; but if they had any doubt, they would, in conformity with the benevolent disposition of the country's laws, acquit him.

Mr. TAYLOR, a barrister present, with a feeling of humanity which did him great honour, here offered his services to the prisoner, in questioning any of the witnesses that might appear.

Ann Gale examined—"I live at Great Stukeley. On the 1st of July last, I was at work at the house of Mr. Waterhouse, on the day he lost his life. I came in the morning at half-past five o'clock. He was up, and in the first kitchen, sitting on a chair; no other person was in the house. The second kitchen is at the end of a passage eight or ten yards long, which leads from one kitchen to the other. The passage is light when the garden door is open. I went through the passage to the dairy for some milk. I can't say if the first door was shut. On going to the garden door I passed a staircase on the left hand; that staircase can be seen from the garden door. I remember a beggar called that morning, and I saw no other person. After I left the dairy, I took my breakfast, and put the tea-things away. Mr. Waterhouse was still sitting in his chair. A little girl came to work at seven o'clock, and the girl went with me to work in a field about half-past nine

o'clock. We were within call of any person at the house. We returned at eleven o'clock to the house, having been sent for. A great many persons were there. I saw Mr. Waterhouse a corpse in the passage, lying against the side of a tub."

Cross-examined—"The beggar came about an hour before I went to the field. Mr. Waterhouse said to the beggar, 'What do you want?—be off about your business.' The beggar said he was unwell; he appeared to be a stout-looking man. Mr. Waterhouse ordered him off, and told him he had nothing to give him. I never before saw any sturdy beggars asking alms at the house of Mr. Waterhouse."

William Parker, a boy employed as a labourer by Mr. Waterhouse, said, that between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the murder, after Mrs. Gale had left the house, his master came into the brew-house, and asked him about some sacks. The brew-house is across the yard, over against the kitchen door. A little before eleven, witness went into the house along with Reuben Briggs, to eat his victuals. They sat down on a form in the front kitchen, when they saw Mr. Waterhouse's legs hanging over a tub in the passage. They heard him, and went and told two persons, who came back to the house with them. Mr. Waterhouse's dog, which was tied to a kennel near the kitchen door, had barked almost all the morning: it left off when witness had seen his master in the tub.

Cross-examined—"I saw the beggar, who called and asked for charity that morning; his head was bound up, and he looked like a sailor. I saw him go away. He was not very near the passage."

Frederick Rogers—"I went to Mr. Ashby's, in Stukeley, in July last, and afterwards to the house of Mr. Waterhouse. I got there about eleven o'clock. I entered at the yard-door. There was a dog there about three feet from the door (I speak of the door which leads out of the kitchen into the yard). The dog was barking before and at the time I entered the yard. I stood at the door, and thought I heard something like blows in the passage. I then rapped at the door with my whip three times very sharply. I heard what appeared to me to be two persons coming down stairs; and I rapped again three times, sharper than before. I heard nothing after I had rapped again. I had been at Mr. Waterhouse's twelve months before, and had been in the house. I did not know where the back stairs were situated. I rapped again and stood at the door for some time, when two boys came across the yard, and I called Harrison. He objected to go into the house. I entered alone, and saw the boys at the kitchen door. I crossed the back kitchen, and went through the inside door, which leads to the passage. The door was open, and I observed Mr. Waterhouse's legs hanging over the tub; I called to Mr. Waterhouse by name three times; and receiving no answer, I went back, and afterwards other persons entered with me."

Cross examined—"About three or four minutes elapsed after I entered the yard, and before I saw Mr. Waterhouse's legs hanging over the tub. The blows I heard appeared to sound as if given by a fist on the face of some person. I saw nobody about the premises."

A plan of the deceased's house and grounds was here put in by Mr. Lovell, surveyor, Huntingdon.

William Ashby—"I know Mr. Waterhouse's house ; was going past about eleven o'clock ; went into the first kitchen, and, in consequence of something I had heard, I went into the passage, and saw Mr. Waterhouse lying in the tub. The garden door was shut, and the passage dark ; I called out, ' Mr. Waterhouse, what do you do here ? ' and took hold of his hand, and pulled him upright. A young woman had followed, and I told her to come in, for he was not dead. The garden door was opened, and two women helped to get him out of the tub. My arm felt wet ; I thought it had been swill, as he had fallen into the swill-tub, but found that it was blood. When we had laid him on the floor, I saw a large gash on the cheek, and one or two on the hands."

Cross-examined—"Have seen a great number of tramps about his premises. I did not see a beggarman that morning near the house of Mr. W. ; the dog commonly barked when persons entered the gate."

Mary Ann Briggs—"I live at Little Stukeley, and recollect the morning of the day Mr. Waterhouse lost his life ; Mr. Ashby called me in ; I saw him standing in the passage, and holding the old gentleman's hand. Mr. Ashby told me to open the garden door ; I pushed it open, for it was not fastened ; I then went to Mr. Ashby, and took hold of Mr. Waterhouse's hand, and felt his forehead ; it was quite warm, as was also his hand, and lithsome ; when on the floor, I unbuttoned his shirt collar ; the blood came out in flakes, as large as my fingers ; on his person there were three or four wounds, on his breast, arms, hands, and face—his jaw was divided, and I could have wrung the blood out of his handkerchief."

Jonah Wilson, Esq. examined by Mr. Sergeant STORKS.—“ I am a surgeon at Huntingdon, and have been for 18 years. I saw the deceased at four o'clock on the day he lost his life. I found a large wound across the throat, three inches deep, extending deep on the right side, which separated the tongue from the windpipe; and found a large hole at the right side of the windpipe.”

By the Judge—“ One of the wounds appeared to have been made by a stab, and the other was an incised wound; the whole of the interior of the neck had been severed by some sharp instrument; there was a tremendous wound on the right cheek, given in a longitudinal direction; the jaw was divided, and the upper part fractured; it must, of necessity, have been inflicted by some heavy cutting instrument. I examined the hands; the right wrist was cut across, and the left was cut in a similar manner, and pieces of flesh hung down, and flapped towards the elbow. The fingers and hands were much cut. The right elbow was cut in two, and the injury appeared to have been inflicted with the same instrument with which the jaw was divided. There was an injury on the chest, which appeared to have been given by the back of an axe or the back of a bill. I am of opinion that the wounds were not all inflicted by the same instrument.”

By Mr. Sergeant STORKS—“ The immediate cause of the death of the deceased was the wound on the throat. It was impossible that the wound could have been inflicted by the deceased's own hands. I saw the prisoner on the Thursday, ten days after the murder, when he was brought up for examination. I examined him mi-

mutely. I was struck with the appearance of his trousers down the front. He wore slop fustian trousers and jacket, of a dirty brown colour, and a blue cravat; the front of his trousers, I noticed, had a dark greasy shining appearance. It struck me, but not at that moment, that it was blood and dirt rubbed together. The next morning I examined the prisoner's dress and person in Mr. Waterhouse's house. I took him into a room and desired him to take off his trousers, that I might examine the inside surface, and I distinctly discovered blood, which had gone through the fustian or cloth. There was no wound about that part of the prisoner's person to have caused the bloody stain; there was a little scratch about one of his knees, but that could not have produced the stain. There were stains about one of his knees, but I could not say they were caused by blood, though I could swear the stain on the left thigh of the trousers was from blood. The prisoner accounted for it by saying that he had cut his finger, which had bled profusely, and he had put some salt upon it, and had staunched it against the thigh of his trousers. I examined his jacket on the Sunday following, and his shoes three days ago; I found a large stain of blood on the inner side of the covering of the skirt of his jacket, and also a stain on the inner side of the left shoulder; the right thigh of the trousers appeared to me to have been washed, or some liquid put upon it to take out the stain. I saw a bill produced in the justice-room, and also a knife; I observed that there appeared at the end of the bill some hair and animal matter, and there appeared to be blood. I examined the bill with a magni-

fying glass, and could discover grey-coloured human hair and blood, and dirt appeared to have been put on afterwards. I knew Mr. Waterhouse—he was an old man, and had gray hair, and the hair on the bill corresponded. There were several cuts on the tub; they must have been given with great violence, and, in my opinion, with a bill. I think I might venture to swear that the handle of the bill, which was willow, was stained with blood. When I was examining the prisoner's trousers on the Friday morning, I said, 'Slade, this is blood; decidedly blood, on both sides of your trousers.' His manner was a great deal hurried, and he appeared to be lost for a few minutes. He said, 'Yes, it is blood; it came by the cut on my finger.' I said, 'then it is for your benefit and for the interests of justice that you establish an *alibi*, for this is evidently blood.'

Cross-examined—"I said the only mark of blood I could swear to was on the left side of the trousers, and the prisoner gave a very probable cause for it. It is a very difficult thing to swear to blood. To the best of my belief it was human hair on the bill, and there was some stain on the handle. What I thought was human hair might have been the hair of a sheep's face, but it was not wool. There was a great deal of blood in the tub and on the wall. The deceased had struggled very much, and had made very great resistance. There was an artery cut, and the throat cut across, and a great deal of blood must have flowed. The deceased was near six feet high; he was infirm and stooped. The prisoner might have inflicted the wounds, and forced the decea-

sed into the tub without his clothes being very much spotted with blood. In my opinion, the wounds on the hands and wrists were inflicted before the deceased's throat was cut. I think, most probably, the deceased received the blow on the chest which forced him into the tub, and from the position of the body, the blood might not spout much, and life might in consequence have been extended. I think the deceased's throat was cut after he was knocked into the tub."

W. Francis stated, that he was playing at bowls at the Swan public-house, in Stukeley, the night before the murder, in company with the prisoner and William Wright. They had a good deal of liquor. The prisoner and witness left the house together between one and two o'clock in the morning; the prisoner went towards the church in the way to his own house. Witness on the Monday after the murder accompanied a person named Woods into Mr. Waterhouse's field—went across the field—the grass was not then mowed—there is a stile and a ditch; but no planks. Witness crossed first, and saw the print of the toe or shoe left in the bank of the ditch, they compared it with the shoe they had with them, which belonged to the prisoner, and the footmarks exactly corresponded with the nails in the shoe—they were worn away on the left side. This close leads to a place called the Tunnel, which crosses the road. The prisoner had then a darker-coloured jacket on than he now wore.

Peter Sabey—"I live at Little Stukeley; my house is about fifty yards from Mr. Waterhouse's residence, and forty yards from his garden gate. I know the pri-

soner ; I have a strong suspicion of him ; I have known him three or four years ; and have often seen him ; he has something particular in his walk, he *lobs* a little in his gait ; he generally wore a light jacket. I got up at a quarter before three o'clock on the morning that Mr. Waterhouse was killed ; I went to my door, and saw a man walk about forty yards up to Mr. Waterhouse's gate, who wore a short slop, or a jacket ; when the person arrived at the gate, he fumbled a little on the wall, where a key used to be placed by Mr. Waterhouse ; the man got on the wall, and turned towards the stables. I heard the dog in Mr. Waterhouse's yard bark once. The man lobbed a little in his gait, and appeared to be a young man, about five feet six inches in height. My opinion was, that it was the prisoner Slade ; but I did not see his features, and could not swear it was him. He came in a direction from the public-house, and not from old Slade's house."

By Mr Taylor—" I cannot swear to him ; I only believe it was the prisoner."

By the Judge—" I did not see that the man had any instrument under his coat or frock ; I did not discern it. The man fumbled with his right hand on the wall."

By Mr. Taylor—" I do not recollect seeing other persons with a lob gait like the prisoner ; there are many lame beggars about the neighbourhood at times."

Ann Elby deposed, that as she and another female were on the road between Great and Little Stukeley, about half past ten o'clock on the day the murder was committed, she saw a young man coming in a direction from Mr. Waterhouse's house : the man went under a

tunnel or bridge, at the end of which there is a deep dyke, with hedges and trees growing : he remained there. The man had a black hat, and wore a short frock or jacket. Witness had known the prisoner two years : knew his person well.

John Crane said, that on one occasion the prisoner, talking about Mr. Waterhouse having been robbed before, said that he could undo all the locks of Mr. Waterhouse's premises, and also of the premises of Mr. Hall, his employer.

John Richardson examined—"I am a constable. I had the prisoner in custody. When I asked him to account for himself on the day of the murder, he told me that he had been at the Swan, at Little Stukeley, on the Monday evening preceding, playing at bowls until one or two o'clock in the morning—that he then went towards Godmanchester to invite his sister to Stukeley feast, and slept in a hay-field by the way, and got to Godmanchester about half-past seven : that he breakfasted with his brother and sister ; after breakfast his brother went to his work : that he left Godmanchester about half-past ten o'clock, but called at the Rose and Crown, Godmanchester, and got some beer ; then called at the Horse and Jockey, at Huntingdon, and had some beer there. He then said he set off towards Little Stukeley—again slept in a hay-field, and got home to Stukeley about half-past seven.—I afterwards took the prisoner to the Horse and Jockey, on Friday, and enquired of the landlord if prisoner had any beer there on the preceding Tuesday, and desired all the persons who were in the habit of drawing beer to come forward,

for prisoner to say who drew it. Prisoner pointed to the girl, and said that she had drawn it. The girl utterly denied it, or that he was there at all on the Tuesday. The landlady was up stairs, and asked us to wait till she came down. When she came, she said, 'Oh, it is you, is it? I know you very well, by your pug nose, you have not been here since you was here with Hawkes, and drank wine.' I then took him to the Rose and Crown, at Godmanchester; saw the landlady. Slade said it was her who drew the beer; she asked him where he sat, he said by the clock; she answered she drew nothing on the Tuesday morning for any body sitting there, but had for an elderly person near the door. I went to the Swan, they said they had not seen prisoner there. Was present with Mr. Cole and the prisoner on Monday the 9th—had a conversation relative to a knife; I said, 'Slade you had a knife, where is it?' Prisoner then gave it me. I had previously asked him for his watch and knife, and he said he had given it to his mother—searched his mother's house but could not find it. I again went back to the prisoner and asked him what he had done with it? he immediately took it from his pocket and gave it to me, also the watch, which he took off a shelf. On searching the house, I found a bill-hook in the room, and brought it to Mr. Sweeting—I gave the shoes to Butler."

Mr. Butler and Mr. Woods stated that they had compared the shoes with foot-marks under a window in Mr. Waterhouse's garden, and they corresponded as nearly as possible. There were similar marks along a path leading from the house towards the tunnel. There were

two rows of nails on one side of the shoes, and none on the other, one side being much worn. On their cross-examination, the witnesses said, that many husband-men have shoes worn on one side; and shoemakers in that neighbourhood make many shoes off the same block, and also nail them similarly.

Thomas Sykes, who lived in the same house as Slade, said that in March last, after the bean-sowing, he put the bill he had used into a cupboard. He first scoured it to prevent its rusting. He had not used it since. He could not say whether the prisoner slept at home the night before the murder.

Mr. Wilson, the surgeon, re-called to examine the knife taken from the prisoner, said, "There is a mark on the blade. The iron is corroded by some matter of a red colour. I know that animal matter in a decomposed state suddenly corrodes and eats into iron."

Mr. Cole re-examined—"I was in the gaol when the prisoner and Mr. Orridge, the gaoler of Cambridge, were present: Mr. Orridge asked the prisoner several questions, and particularly about the blood on the knife: the prisoner said, 'They were all cursed fools, and did not know what blood was when they saw it; and if he had known Heddings would have split against him, he would have done his business for him.'"

Mr. Wilson re-examined—"The knife produced is just such an instrument as I should conceive was most likely to inflict the wound I saw in the deceased's throat."

Cross-examined—"Other instruments of a similar shape and size would inflict such a wound. I believe the corrosion on the knife is caused by coloured animal

matter ; the blood of a sheep would produce the same effect."

William Barker, a constable, deposed, that the prisoner first told him that, on his return from Godmanchester he lay down in a hay-field near Stukeley, and he did not hear of the murder till he got home. He said the reason he left Stukely was, because the people there were against him, and they would all hang him if they could ; and he also left, because he was fearful he should be taken up on suspicion of the murder of Mr. Waterhouse. He afterwards said, " Now I will tell you the true story : when I left the public-house at Little Stukeley, on Monday, after playing at bowls, I went to a hay-field at Stukeley, and lay down all that day."

William Stanion and Henry Hills, two labourers, were working with Heddings on the day of the murder. They were mowing all day, first at Mr. Maile's park, against Hinchbrook, and afterwards at Mrs. Gimber's. They saw Slade and Heddings go together into the Swan, on the night of the inquest ; they did not talk more than two minutes.

Robert Merry saw Slade and Heddings together on Wednesday evening. Josh. said, ' are you dry ? will you go and drink ? ' and they went into the Swan. They had not a hundred yards to go.

Nathaniel Maile, Hall-keeper, produced the bill, shoes, and clothes. The bill was found in a lower room in Slade's cottage ; it was not concealed, but stood near a cupboard, which the witness Sykes said was always locked, and no one used it but himself. The bill was the same he put by, but not so clean.

Mr. Wilson said there was certainly a mark of blood on the bill, and there appeared to be wool or hair on its point ; it looked to him like hair and wool mixed together : it would inflict the wound he saw on the face and jaw of the deceased. If used to slaughter a sheep, the same appearance would be visible on the bill. The clothes were stained with blood, but he could not say how long it had been on : he saw them in less than a week after the murder.

The witnesses who compared the prisoner's shoes with the footmarks were recalled ; and they stated, that the examination did not take place till the Monday after the murder.

The LORD CHIEF BARON said, he did not think the evidence as to the footmarks would go for much, because the prisoner, before and after the murder, might have gone innocently along the road leading to the stile and the tunnel.

William Heddings was then called, and stood up in the dock beside Slade. His appearance caused a strong sensation in court. He is a sleek, good-looking fellow. Examined by Sergeant Storks—" I come from the gaol to the box ; I am the William Heddings against whom a bill has been found for a felony, and who am to be tried. Have been much acquainted with prisoner for a twelvemonth. Have been with prisoner several times. I am thirty-six years old, a labourer, and married. I live at Stukeley, and recollect the day of the murder. I saw the prisoner on the Sunday preceding the murder ; had not seen him the whole week previous. I first met Slade at harvest-work at Mr. Waterhouse's. Saw him

on Wednesday night after the murder, on the high road ; I was coming from the inquest when I saw Slade ; he was standing with a good many more people ; I jogged him on the elbow, and called him to one side ; the people were within four or five yards of us, and could not hear. I asked Slade what he thought of this concern. He said, ‘ I don’t know.’ I said, ‘ D—n it, how came you to lay hands on him ?’ He answered, ‘ I was forced ; I was in the low kitchen a plundering. Mr. Waterhouse came in and caught me, and resisted my coming out ; when I went to come out, he caught hold of me. Having nothing to defend myself with, I drew my knife, and then began to stab him, and cut him where I could ; he then called out “ murder,” and I got him down on the floor ; I then got myself a weapon.’ ”

JUDGE—Did he tell you what weapon ?

Witness—“ No, my lord. ‘ I then hit him a blow on the face and knocked him down again. I then hit him several blows over the arms, and where I could, to prevent his getting up again. I then heard the dog bark vehemently at the door ; I went to see if there was any person coming. I then, seeing nobody coming, came back to Mr. Waterhouse again. I then struck him another hard blow on the head, and knocked him into the tub. I then ran out at the garden door. I ran down the close of grass leading to Great Stukeley.’—This was what Slade told me. After this, Slade and I went into the Swan, and had a pint of ale with John Hawkes, of Huntingdon.’ ”

Cross-examined by the LORD CHIEF BARON.—“ Slade said all that I have mentioned in two minutes. I cannot read or write.’ ”

JUDGE.—Prisoner, will you ask this man any questions?

Prisoner.—He has told a false story, my Lord. I will tell you the question he put to me.

LORD CHIEF BARON.—You will be allowed to say what you like in your defence, and may now put any question.

The prisoner here made a communication to his counsel.

Witness continued.—“ Stanion, Merry, and Hills, came out with me from the Bell public-house just before I saw the prisoner, and saw me talk to him.”

Cross-examined by Mr. TAYLOR.—“ I do not know what is the offence I am charged with, except by the calendar. I see by it that I am charged with stealing a pig. I have been in gaol before. I was once convicted capitally of a burglary, and afterwards broke prison. I can't tell who the persons were who stood by Slade when I saw him near the Swan public-house. I asked him what he thought of the concern. I never had any conversation with the prisoner on the subject before. I know a person named Wright; I never told the prisoner that I suspected Wright had committed the murder. I mean to say that all this conversation took place on the road, before I went into the Swan public-house with the prisoner. I had not heard much of the evidence on the inquest; I had been in the room, and was called upon to give an account to the Jury where I was at the time of the murder. The place where I stood when this conversation took place was about 16 yards from the Swan; I stood on the road during this con-

versation ; Merry and Hills were six or seven yards off, and they stood there during the whole of the conversation between myself and the prisoner. I know the house and grounds of Mr. Waterhouse very well ; if a person had struck three times loudly against the door with the butt end of a whip, he must have been heard in the passage.

Mr. TAYLOR—What do you expect to get by convicting this man ?

Witness—I don't know.

Mr. TAYLOR—Don't you expect that the Crown will show you mercy in the offence of which you are charged, if Slade shall be convicted ?

Witness—I hope so.

This was the case for the prosecution.

The LORD CHIEF BARON here directed Stanion to be re-called, and examined him. The witness stated that he heard no conversation between Slade and Heddings before Slade asked Heddings to go into the Swan. Slade and Heddings might have had a few words before they went into the Swan, but witness did not see them talk together. Witness did not stop more than two minutes in the whole.

Henry Hills was also re-called, and re-examined by his Lordship—saw Slade and Heddings together on the Wednesday evening before they went into the Swan ; they seemed to be about five minutes together before they went into the Swan ; they seemed to be talking together.

Merry re-called—“ I heard Slade, upon the occasion mentioned, say to Heddings, ‘ Are you thirsty ? ’ and

they went immediately to drink. I am convinced that this was the only conversation which took place between them. Heddings did not take Slade aside; if there was any taking, it was Josh. (the prisoner) that took Heddings aside into the Swan."

The LORD CHIEF BARON then addressed the prisoner, and told him if he had any thing to represent to the court and jury, it would be patiently heard.

Prisoner.—"I saw Heddings come from the Bell, as I was in the Swan along with John Hawkes. Hawkes said, 'Tell Heddings to come in.' I went out to him and tapped him on the shoulder; he said, 'What do you think of this concern?' I said, 'I don't know.' He said, 'I have a strong suspicion of old Wright.' These were his very words. He then said, 'I am sorry the old man is dead; I would as leave half the parish had died as him, for I counted on having a quarter of barley from him this week.' Hawkes can prove that I was in the Swan, and only went out for a minute to call Heddings to have some drink."

JUDGE—Is Hawkes here?

Prisoner—I don't know, my lord.

Hawkes was then called, but did not appear.

Mrs. Garner, landlady of the Swan, was then called, and answered to the following questions, which Slade put to her with great coolness.

Prisoner—Was not John Hawkes and myself at your house on Wednesday night?

Witness—You and Heddings were there.

Prisoner—Don't you remember Hawkes had a basket and fowls with him?

Witness—O yes, I do remember it now.

JUDGE—Do you remember whether the prisoner went to call Heddings?

Witness—Heddings and he came in together.

Prisoner—You know I cut my finger?

Witness—You took up the bread, and was going to cut it, and cut your finger and thumb.

JUDGE—When was that?

Witness—On the Monday-week before the murder.

Examined by Mr. TAYLOR—"I know there is such a person as Lansdale Wright. Hawkes, Slade, and Heddings had two pints of beer, and not one only, as stated by Heddings."

The LORD CHIEF BARON then proceeded to charge the jury. It was his misfortune to address them on one of the most singular cases of which he had ever heard or read. It had happened on this, as on all occasions which excited the public interest in a high degree, that the public papers and public conversation were filled with a great variety of rumours tending to excite different impressions in regard to this transaction, and to produce a powerful prejudice against the prisoner at the bar. It was, however, the duty of the jury (and it was his Lordship's duty to point it out to them) to weed out of their hearts and understandings all the notions which they might have formed upon this extraordinary case, and which were not supported by the evidence which had been adduced.—The case entirely, or mainly, rested upon the evidence of William Heddings. Without his evidence, the case would have consisted entirely of circumstances, and those circumstances so slight, and hanging so loosely together, that without the evidence of that person they would never be considered by an

English jury as a sufficient ground on which to convict an English subject. His Lordship then proceeded to recapitulate the evidence, which he read with the utmost patience, commenting as he went along upon every passage. At length, upon coming to the testimony of Heddings, his Lordship paused, and said, that he was anxious to point out to the jury a fact which he had observed in the progress of the case, and which had produced a powerful effect upon his mind. It appeared that Heddings was on the 16th July before the Magistrates, giving evidence upon the subject of this murder, and it was a most extraordinary circumstance that the evidence which he gave then not only corresponded in substance with that which he had delivered to-day in the box, but was delivered in the same order, and, with a slight exception, in the identical words which he had made use of sixteen days ago. There was not a word, not a pause, different in the two accounts, except the omission of a very short passage. This was certainly remarkable in a person without education, and gave to his evidence the semblance of a prepared story. There was a mystery hanging about the transaction which nothing but the all-scrutinizing eye of Providence could bring to light ; and if the jury should believe that there was not evidence to warrant them in coming to the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty, he trusted that ere long the real criminal would be brought to justice.

His Lordship concluded about half-past six o'clock, when the jury requested permission to retire. They returned in about twenty minutes, and, through their foreman, returned a verdict of **GUILTY**.

From the turn which the case seemed to take during the latter part of the trial, and from the summing up of the Judge, a verdict of acquittal was generally anticipated.

The LORD CHIEF BARON then put on the fatal cap, and pronounced sentence of death:—"JOSHUA SLADE, you have been indicted for the murder of this unhappy old gentleman, in whose service you appear to have been; to that indictment you pleaded not guilty, and for your deliverance put yourself upon God and your country; which country, after a long, patient, and impartial trial, has found you guilty. This is one of the greatest offences that can be committed against the social order, and is contrary to every law, human and divine. I know what your feelings must be at the present moment, and I will not aggravate them. It becomes you to address yourself to the throne of grace, when your offences, if you are truly penitent, may find forgiveness. The sentence which the law of your country passes upon you is, That you, Joshua Slade, be taken from hence to the prison from whence you came, and from thence on Thursday next to the place of execution; that you there be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and your body afterwards be dissected and anatomized; and may the Lord in his infinite goodness have mercy on your soul."

The countenance of Slade appeared somewhat paler on hearing the verdict, and while the Judge was pronouncing sentence upon him. He stood for a few seconds, as if lost, in the dock; but, recollecting himself, he descended quickly, and shook hands with Heddings

—as striking a proof, perhaps, of his guilt as had that day been adduced.

Trial of Heddings.

Slade was then removed to a cell behind the dock ; and after the buzz in the Court had subsided, *William Heddings* was put to the bar, charged with breaking into the house of Emmanuel Thompson, at Stow, in the county of Huntingdon, and stealing a quantity of bacon, three sovereigns, and two one pound notes. The burglary was distinctly proved by the prosecutor and his two servants.

John Slade, aged 22, who was admitted as King's evidence in this case, deposed as follows : “ I, and my brother Joshua, and Heddings, went to Stow, eight weeks since, intending to steal a pig a-piece, Heddings looked round the house, and seeing the dairy window, said, if we could get a few of those slats off we could get something to eat !’ The iron bar across we pulled back, and my brother Josh. got in first, and I followed, and took out the bacon, two whole flitches, and two hams ; we put them into a sack, and took it home ; this was about twelve o'clock at night. We parted the bacon at Heddings's house.”

Heddings stated that he never was in the house.

The JUDGE summed up, and the Jury instantly returned a verdict of Guilty.—Death recorded.

Having turned King's evidence, John Slade was of course released from the House of Correction, in which he had been confined. Next day, he enlisted into the Royal Marines ; but Captain Stevens, an officer of

that corps, residing at Cambridge, refused to attest him ; and a report having been made to Colonel Savage, the Commanding Officer at Chatham, an order was immediately returned for the dismissal of Slade. The unfortunate young man—for such he may be truly considered—then succeeded in obtaining employment as a labourer, during the harvest. His former employers give him an excellent character, and we sincerely trust that his future conduct will not belie their expectations.

Heddings was removed from Huntingdon Gaol to the Hulks at Woolwich, on Wednesday, August 8th. As the coach was starting from the George Hotel, he took off his hat, and gave three cheers to the assembled populace!—We now return to the principal actor in this eventful drama.

After the trial, Slade was fastened to Heddings by a chain and re-conducted back to Gaol. His return from the court to the prison was marked with the most unbecoming levity. He pushed Heddings in sport from side to side, and laughed, “to see,” as he said, “such a parcel of fools following them.” He entered the prison with an air of vulgar triumph ; but, as he afterwards affirmed, with the full intention of immediately taking away his own life. On being left alone in his cell, he was about to suspend himself by means of his handkerchief, when Mr. Brown, the Chaplain, providentially entered, and frustrated the rash attempt. It was a source of much consolation to him, during the remaining partion of his life, that he was prevented from adding self-destruction to the number of his crimes.

On Thursday morning a respite for twenty-four hours

arrived from Cambridge, and signed by Lord Chief Baron ALEXANDER. Slade continued up till the afternoon of that day to deny all participation in the murder. He deserved death, he said, for the numerous offences he had committed. He had frequently robbed Mr. Waterhouse, and on one occasion he had threatened his life, as stated by Heddings; but of the horrid deed for which he was about to suffer, he was as innocent as the child unborn. The same declaration he made repeatedly, affirming his innocence to his relatives, and particularly to one of his sisters, who was much affected at parting with him, believing it to be for the last time. His poor old father did not come from Stukeley; but his mother, the most culpable of the two, visited him in prison, and parted from her son without the least emotion. "You know," said she, "that I never told you to steal; I brought you up as well as I could."—"Yes," said the keeper of the prison, who was standing by, "but you know that you partook of the stolen goods, and must have been all along aware of the course of life your children were pursuing." "Ay," added the virago, "but God bless you, Josh; good bye—what way do I go to get out?"—and so saying, she took her departure. The Sacrament was then administered to the unhappy youth; and it is appalling to think, that though he believed himself to be within an hour of his death, he persisted, even with the sacramental elements in his hand, in declaring his total ignorance of the murder. A few hours afterwards, when informed of his respite, a better spirit seemed to possess him; he sent for the Chaplain, and entered into a full and unreserved disclosure of his guilt. Before the Rev. Gentleman had left.

him, the Under-sheriff arrived from Cambridge and alighted at the gaol door; he was the bearer of another respite from Chief Baron Alexander, deferring the execution till the first of September. The Under-sheriff, upon being informed that the prisoner had made a confession, considered it necessary immediately to take the direction of the Judge, under the then circumstances, and immediately posted to Cambridge; but before he could arrive there, the Judges had left for Bury, to which place he followed them and called their lordships up; the Judges having consulted together were of opinion they had power to grant the respite, and as it had gone forth they would not rescind it.

The postponement of the execution disappointed thousands of persons, who had assembled from all parts of the county to witness the painful exhibition. The town was literally filled with visitors; and on Friday morning it seemed as if their wishes were about to be gratified; for the gallows was erected in the usual place, and every preparation made for the expected execution. The arrival, however, of the Under-sheriff, with a second respite, put a stop to the proceeding, and instantly dispersed the multitude. In anticipation of the death of Slade, one of the publishing fraternity, who, as has been humourously remarked, “ obtains a *living* by printing *dying* speeches,” threw off a large impression of the last moments of Slade, on the morning on which the respite was received. It was couched in the usual language of these posthumous broadsides, and experienced an immense sale.*

* As this production must hereafter be considered a curiosity of its kind, we shall subjoin the passage relative to the pretended execution:—“ This

It would have been a singular coincidence had Slade been executed according to his sentence on the 2d of August, as it would have been the anniversary of the last execution for murder in this county—that of Jarvis Matchan, who was executed 41 years ago, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the murder of a boy named Jones, a drummer in the 49th regiment of foot. Matchan had enlisted into the same corps, and was sent to accompany the boy to Major Reynolds's of Diddington, then the recruiting officer, for subsistence money. The boy received £7. and on their return was robbed and murdered by his companion. He succeeded in effecting his escape; but seven years afterwards, having in the interim been various times at sea, he surrendered himself at Salisbury, and confessed his crime. The gibbet on which he was suspended was only taken down the week before the murder of Mr. Waterhouse.

The confession of Slade was written down by John Sweeting, Esq. but in consequence of a promise of secrecy extorted from Mr. Sweeting by the prisoner, and as the confession implicated one or two other individuals in different offences, the learned gentleman did

morning (Thursday Aug. 2) precisely at the appointed time, the prisoner underwent the awful sentence of the law on a gallows erected for that purpose. At the place of execution he behaved with more propriety than was at first expected, and appeared impressed with his dreadful situation; he acknowledged that he deserved death, and exhorted all who witnessed his sad untimely end to beware of giving way to the many temptations that daily present themselves to the giddy and thoughtless; and which, if the mind is not daily employed in industry, becomes an easy prey to the dissolute, and is led astray to commit some petty theft; and that once done, others follow in succession;—so avoid all bad company, keep holy the Sabbath, and remember thy creator in the days of thy youth. He then forgave all who had witnessed against him—the drop fell—and he was launched into eternity!"

Really, as the painter exclaimed, this surpasses nature!

not consider himself justified in submitting it to the public. On the following day, however, the Under-sheriff repaired to the gaol, and took the deposition afresh ; and with a laudable anxiety for the satisfaction of the public, and the prevention of false reports, he permitted it to be copied for publication. The following is a correct copy of this important disclosure :

Confession of Glade.

“ On the morning of the 3d of July 1827, I went direct from the Swan public-house, at a quarter past two, and got over the garden wall. I was then fresh (tipsey): I saw Peter Sabey at his door ; I went to a straw wall near the dove-house, and laid there whilst five o'clock in the morning ; I had a sword hid in the straw wall about four or five weeks ; had stolen it from the Horse and Jockey public-house, Huntingdon ; drew the sword out, and left the scabbard in the wall, and put the sword down my trousers by my thigh. I went into the garden ; saw Mr. Waterhouse then in the yard, but he did not see me ; the garden door was not fastened. I opened the door, and went in up stairs and hid myself in the wool-chamber from five o'clock until ten, for the purpose of plundering the house ; I meant to have robbed the house at night of any thing I could. I was asleep from five to ten amongst the wool ; Mr. Waterhouse, happening to come up stairs, heard me breathe ; I dare say I was snoring ; upon which Mr. Waterhouse came up to the chamber, and called ‘ Holloa ! who are you ? what do you do here ? ’ I then got up, drew the sword, and laid hold of him. Mr. Waterhouse tried to go in at the

chamber where his blunderbuss was, but I would not let him. I led him down stairs, Mr. Waterhouse trying all the way to get up stairs. No conversation passed in coming down. When we got down stairs, I said, 'Now, Mr. Waterhouse, if you'll forgive me, I will forgive you; and if not, this is your death warrant,' holding up the sword. Mr. Waterhouse said, 'No, I will suffer any thing first.' I was standing opposite to him in the lower passage. When I let him go, Mr. Waterhouse went to run by me to the kitchen-door to call somebody; upon which, just as Mr. Waterhouse was turning into the kitchen, I struck him a back-handed blow, the great cut across the jaw, and he reeled back, caught himself against the tub, and fell backwards into it; he guarded his head with his hands when in the tub; I struck him several blows with the sword; he laid hold of the sword twice; upon which I drew it out of his hands and cut his fingers; I also stabbed him in the throat, which was the last blow. Mr. Waterhouse then said, 'I am done,' and died immediately. There was no blood whatever upon me except on my finger, which I spit on and wiped it on the grass, and also one spot on my waistcoat, which I scratched out with my nail immediately; it never was seen. I have heard that blood of a murdered person will not wipe out, but I am sure this did. I did not hear the dog bark all the time; he would not bark at me; he barked once when I first got over the wall, but as soon as he heard my step he knew me, and was quiet. The kitchen-door leading into the yard was wide open all the time; no person came into or near the house all the time. No other instrument was used

excepting the sword, and no other person was present, or knew any thing about it, until I made a confession to the Chaplain yesterday. All that passed between Heddings and myself on the Wednesday and night of the inquest was as follows. I asked Heddings whether he would go and drink with me ; Heddings drew me on one side, and asked me ‘ what do you think of this concern ? ’ Heddings said, ‘ I have strong suspicion of old Wright, and, I am sorry he (Mr. Waterhouse) is dead ; I would as leave all the folks in the town should be dead as him, for I counted of having a quarter of barley from him this week.’ Having committed the murder, which was all finished by ten minutes past ten (I had my watch with me), I immediately ran out of the house. I had pulled off my shoes when I first went into the garden at five in the morning, and am sure the footmarks alluded to in the evidence at the trial were not made then. The one in the garden might have been mine, as I was in the garden on the following day, when I was examined at Mr. Waterhouse’s by Mr. Torkington. I turned immediately to the right, and threw the bloody sword among the young oaks near the privy. I then ran at the back of the hay-ricks, went over that stile where it was said that the steps were, without my shoes, which I put on when I got to the top of Horse Close. In going through Dove-house Close, I saw Parker by the dove-house : but Parker did not see me. There was an old man at work in the church-yard at the same time, but he never saw me. After getting over the stile I turned to the right, and went across the closes into the tunnel, as stated in the evidence ; saw the two women on the hill,

did not stay in the tunnel a minute ; went down the dike and laid down in Mr. Waterhouse's fields. It was about twenty minutes after ten when I got to the barley field ; I remained there till seven at night ; and then I went to my own house, round by the town, had my supper, and went to bed ; as I was going home I saw folks running about. On Wednesday I was at work at Stanion's."

"The ✕ of JOSHUA SLADE."

Witness, CHARLES MARGETTS.

JOHN THOMAS.

"I wish the public to be acquainted with this confession, which would have been made before it was, but from a dread of meeting my family, with their knowledge that I was guilty."

"The ✕ of JOSHUA SLADE."

"Witness, C. M.

J. T."

In his previous confession to Mr. Sweeting, Slade had stated that as he stood before Mr. Waterhouse, about to plunge the sword into his throat, the rev. gentleman looked up and faintly articulated—"Don't murder me—what have I done to you?" We asked him the same evening why he omitted these touching words in his second deposition,—“I thought of them,” he said, “but wanted to have done speaking about it.”

Next morning (Saturday) Mr. Sweeting went to Little Stukeley, and found the sword in the spot described by Slade. The scabbard had been discovered about ten days before, in searching the premises of Mr. Waterhouse ; and it is surprising that a closer search should not have been made for the fatal instrument itself. The

idea, however, that the murder was perpetrated with a bill-hook was so generally and confidently entertained, that the discovery of the scabbard attracted but little attention. Yet even a cursory inspection of the finely indented cuts in the tub might have convinced any observer that they could not have been made with so rude a weapon as a bill. The clump of oaks amongst which the sword was concealed is situated at the back of the parsonage, about twenty yards from the garden door. The trees are only about three feet in height, and occupy a space of about fifteen square yards. Being thickly planted, they form, at top, a close matting or screen, below which the ground cannot, without putting aside the boughs, be perceived. It is singular that this spot should have been previously searched by different persons and nothing discovered. In surveying the grounds, with a view to preparing a plan to produce at the trial, Mr. Lovell, of Huntingdon, repeatedly passed through amongst the oaks, but met with no obstruction. How long the blood-stained instrument might have remained concealed, had the prisoner preserved his hitherto impenetrable silence, it is of course impossible to conjecture; but as the place was rarely visited, and never closely examined, a considerable time might have elapsed before a discovery could have been made. It was, however, wisely and fortunately decreed that the murderer himself should draw aside the veil of mystery, and reveal the evidences of his guilt.

The sword belonged to a tradesman of Huntingdon, Mr. W. Cawley, cabinet-maker, who is a member of the corps of yeomanry cavalry. He had lent it to Mr.

Titterton, landlord of the Horse and Jockey; as the latter, who was formerly in the army, was then employed in teaching some young gentlemen of the town the sword exercise. How it came into the hands of Slade, he himself gave the following account. Whilst drinking one day in the Horse and Jockey, in company with Hawkes, he observed three cavalry swords in the yard, and determined to possess himself of one of them: he slipped out unperceived, after paying his reckoning, and thrusting one inside his trousers escaped over the wall at the back of the premises. "What a pity it is," said Heddings, when his associate informed him of this exploit, "that you did not take all the three, as we should then have had one a-piece," meaning himself and the two Slades.

Had Slade not confessed, it is highly probable that he would have escaped with his life. The circumstantial evidence upon which he was convicted was generally thought to be insufficient; and particularly the learned Judge, before whom the case was tried, very unequivocally declared his opinion, that notwithstanding the trial of the prisoner, the murder of Mr. Waterhouse was enveloped in the darkest mystery. In crimes of so heinous a nature, clear and decisive evidence can scarcely be expected, for the perpetrators are generally careful to guard against every possible means of discovery. In proportion, however, to the magnitude of the crime, is the responsibility which belongs to the Jury that nothing dubious should be wrested to the disadvantage of the prisoner. In cases of murder, circumstantial evidence is, perhaps, the best that can be adduced. It would be easy for a criminal, in the absence of all collateral

proofs, to bring forward one or two of his accomplices to swear in court that the prisoner was present with them in a different part of the country at the time when the deed was perpetrated; and by persisting in this statement, an *alibi* would be established, and the prisoner must be discharged. This is no bare hypothetical case; it is a fact which has frequently occurred.* It is

* Holcroft, in his *Memoirs*, relates an interesting anecdote of a case of the above description: A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England, one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of his time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that a very interesting trial for a robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner, but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed. His guest manifested considerable curiosity to hear the trial, and accordingly next morning he went into court, and was shewn to a seat on the bench, presently after the trial began. While the evidence was giving against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed, till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger he suddenly fainted away. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behaviour, he said, "Oh, my Lord I see a person that can save my life: that gentleman (pointing to the stranger) can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him." The eyes of the whole court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt himself in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but he would answer any question that was asked him. Well, said the man, don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time? To this the gentleman answered, that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not. Well, said he, but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trousers carried your trunk to the inn, and told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar that he had on one side of his forehead? During this last question, the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance, and on the man's shewing the scar he became quite sure that he was the same person. A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made memoranda of dates in his pocket book, and

difficult, however, to overturn a pile of circumstantial details, established by different persons unconnected with each other; and though apparently of little importance, when taken separately, yet forming in the whole a case of strong presumptive, and perhaps undisputed, guilt. Whether the evidence produced against Slade was of the latter description we shall not pretend to decide. A Jury of his countrymen evidently thought it was; though in returning a verdict of guilty they acted counter to the charge of the learned Judge. The strongest point against the prisoner was his contradictory accounts of himself on the day of the murder, and this we have reason to know had considerable weight with the Jury. The evidence of the old man Sabey, of the woman who saw him enter the tunnel, and the contradictory statements alluded to, are the only points in the evidence which Slade's confession leaves untouched. The fine minute speculations respecting the bill-hook—the prints of the prisoner's shoes—and the marks of blood found upon his clothes—and above all the testimony of Heddings, without which the Judge said Slade could not possibly be convicted; these have all been utterly and entirely demolished by the confession of the prisoner. Up to the period of his death, Slade continued solemnly to assert that he never made the slight-

might possibly have done so on this occasion. On looking into his pocket book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same gaol for robbing the mail!

est communication to Heddings respecting the murder ; and there seems to be no reason for doubting the truth of the declaration. That incorrigible culprit had evidently prepared the story, during his stay in the hovel, before surrendering himself to justice ; and aware of the want of evidence against Slade, he sagaciously thought that by criminating him more deeply, and convicting him, as it were, out of his own mouth, he himself would experience a more lenient judgment. Unfortunately he was right in his conjecture, and the conduct of Heddings strikingly verifies the truth of the old maxim, that there is no honour or friendship amongst thieves. Yet we scarcely think that Slade would have acted in the same manner by his companion, if their situations had been reversed. Heddings was in some things even a worse villain than the murderer Slade.

After making the above confession, the mind of Slade appeared to undergo an entire and favourable change. The only obstacle which had stood in the way of his repentance was removed ; and convinced at last of the enormity of his guilt, he listened with the most eager attention to the exhortations of his spiritual monitors. The worthy Chaplain of the gaol, the Rev. T. Brown, was indefatigable in his attentions to the unhappy youth, and he was latterly assisted by the Rev. J. Fell, curate of St. Mary's, Huntingdon. To the courtesy of these gentlemen we are indebted for most of the subsequent details, relative to the state of mind of Slade, during the few remaining days of his eventful life.

It generally happens that after the assassin has deprived his fellow creature of life—when he finds his

hands stained with human blood, the full atrocity of the crime he has committed flashes upon his soul, and conscience returns with all its terrors. It was long before Slade was awakened to this feeling of repentance and remorse. He had familiarised his mind to the contemplation of murder; and when he beheld his victim expiring under his hands, it seemed but the consummation of what he had for some time anticipated. Even after his committal to a solitary dungeon, his mind was undisturbed by any compunctious visitings: he slept soundly, and had no dreams or *visions* of his departed victim, with which murderers are generally haunted. His natural insensibility, however, was at last penetrated; and his repentance was, we trust, not the less sincere or efficacious because it was long delayed. It would be impious to limit the mercy of God; but as few can be placed in the circumstances which at once produced and mitigated the guilt of Slade, the procrastinating sinner would do well to impress the following sentiment on his mind: "In the pardon of the thief upon the cross, there is *one* instance given of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, that nobody might despair; and there is *but* one, that nobody might presume."

Slade was first awakened to a sense of his guilt, or rather to a dread of its consequences, by a very simple but striking incident. The cell in which he was confined during the day is situated at the back of the prison, and looks into a small spot of garden ground, intercepted by the boundary wall, against which a few fruit trees are planted. Whilst walking one day, a short time before the Assizes, in this open space, he happened to cast his

eyes upwards to the room above, when he was startled by the appearance of an aged person with grey hairs, looking stedfastly down at him. "I started back," said he, "for I thought it was the old man," meaning Mr. Waterhouse. Nobody, however, was near to observe his emotions, and the impression soon wore off. The individual whom he had seen was a Mr. Dare, of Somersham, who had been committed to prison a few days before for an assault.

The progress of Slade in religious knowledge was necessarily but slow : his mind was uncultivated, and he had almost from infancy been hardened in sin. In the commission of his various robberies, he never imagined, he said, that in so doing he offended the Deity ; such a thought had never entered his mind. But when once his heart was touched, and he had entered upon the task of self-examination, he comprehended his case clearly, and saw the inexpressible danger of the situation in which he stood. Because the character of Mr. Waterhouse had been stained with some immoralities, Slade at first thought there could be little or no sin in destroying such a person ; he was now, however, he said, convinced that his crime was on that account the greater ; and the rev. gentleman had always treated his parents and himself with the utmost kindness. He frequently entered, without solicitation, upon the subject of the murder. "I had no intention," he said, "of taking away the life of Mr. Waterhouse. I went on purpose to steal a silver candlestick and stench (extinguisher) which he had locked up in a bureau : they were the only articles of plate I had ever seen in the house, excepting a few tea-spoons."

How came you then to take the sword with you ?

I took it without considering wherefore, except to defend myself.

Had you sharpened it ?

No, it was very dull : when Mr. Waterhouse caught hold of it, I had the greatest difficulty in the world to draw it out of his hands.

What idea had you when you deposited it in the straw wall on Mr. Waterhouse's premises ?

I used to hide the different things I stole there ; I could not take them home ; and I put the sword there among the rest. I was not altogether above a minute in committing the murder. Mr. Waterhouse did not utter a word all the way down stairs. When I struck the first blow, I stood between him and the first kitchen door, by the foot of the stairs.

Did he not offer to make any resistance ?

No ; he knew it would be of no use. The last words he said were, after I had stabbed him in the throat—“ Now you have done it ;” he then let his hands fall, which he had put up to guard his head, as I aimed all the blows at his head ; when I saw his hands fall I ran out, and threw the sword among the oaks ; I ran on to the tunnel.

What could be your motive in murdering Mr. Waterhouse ?

I was afraid he would tell of me, and I should be hung. I thought because I was found in his house I should be sure to be hung. I know now that I was wrong in thinking so.

Did you not feel very sorry and shocked at what you had done ?

No : I hope God will forgive me ; I was such a fellow, I thought about nothing. I was always of a cruel disposition. I did not feel any remorse during the time I lay in the barley field, or the day after the murder.

In this way did the miserable and misguided youth seek to relieve his mind by discoursing on the subject of the diabolical deed which brought him to the scaffold. He imputed most of his crimes to his connexion with Heddings. He lived two-years servant, he said, with Mr. Hoddell, a farmer near Ellington, and conducted himself with honesty. After he got acquainted with Heddings, at Stukeley, the latter was always coaxing him to join him. " I can tell you," said he, " how to get a *wool-bird* (a sheep) when you like." They promised never to inform against each other ; " and I am sure," said Slade, " I never would have told on him."—

Did you not acquaint him with the murder, as stated in his evidence at the trial ?

No ; it was all false ; but he knew what I could do when I was put to it : and he knew that I could give no account of myself on that day. Heddings spoke the truth about the robbery, when I entered Mr. Waterhouse's bed-room. I got just fifty shillings.

You could not, I am sure, be any better for the money and goods you got in a dishonest way ?

O no, sir, I never was : I spent all I got, and my earnings besides, in the public house.*

* Slade was latterly much addicted to drinking, in consequence, no doubt, of his irregular life and dangerous pursuits. We have already mentioned that he and Heddings used frequently to enter Mr. Waterhouse's cellar, on the Sunday mornings. There was one cask of remarkably strong old ale, which the rev. gentleman intended should be drunk after his funeral, by the men who carried him to the grave. Slade and Heddings having heard

He frequently expressed his thankfulness that he had been convicted for the murder : he might, if not detected this time, have gone on deepening his own guilt, and perhaps depriving others of their lives. The ensuing winter, he feared, would have been a terrible one with him, for his conscience had been so completely seared that he contemplated the commission of murder without the least fear or remorse. Now, however, he thought otherwise, and hoped God would forgive him for the past, and enable him to prepare for the change that awaited him. The conduct of the Judge appeared to have made a strong impression on his mind : he had anticipated only the terrors of the law ; and was therefore equally gratified and surprised to find that his case was treated with the most considerate impartiality and even kindness. His heart, he said, was often melted during the trial, and if the fatal sword had been produced in court he could have stood out no longer. He had persisted in denying his guilt chiefly on account of his relatives, as he could not bring his mind to face them with their knowledge that he was guilty. He did not consider sufficiently the criminality of persevering in such a line of conduct ; but he would not, he said, have gone out of the world denying his guilt. In this composed state of mind he continued till the period of his execution. His health remained untouched ; he ate his meals heartily, and slept soundly. A deep feeling of sorrow and remorse was ever present to his thoughts ; but even

of this choice ale, broached the cask one day, and at a few sittings completely emptied it. They then filled up the barrel with small beer, which they took from a larger cask in the cellar.

this contrite gloom, heightened by the consciousness that he was soon to die an ignominious death, was infinitely preferable to the reckless gaiety and sinfulness of his former life. He never, he said, felt so sincerely and truly happy. If his chains were struck off, he would rather walk to the gallows, than go to Stukeley to live as he had hitherto done.

The condition of Slade at this momentous period of his life has often reminded us of the following powerful passage in one of Crabbe's Tales :—

But he was cured ; for quiet, faith, and care,
 Strove with the gloom, and broke on the despair ;
 Yet slow their progress, and as vapours move
 Dense and reluctant from the wint'ry grove ;
 All is confusion till the morning light
 Gives the dim scene obscurely to the sight ;
 More and yet more defin'd the trunks appear,
 Till the wild prospect stands distinct and clear !—
 So the dark mind of th' assassin grew
 Clear and sedate, the dreadful mist withdrew ;
 And he resembled that bleak wint'ry scene,
 Sad, though unclouded ; dismal, though serene.

The Execution.

As the fatal first of September drew nigh, Slade applied himself more and more to prepare for eternity. “ I never hear the bolt of my door withdrawn,” said he one day, “ but I hope it is some one coming to read to me, or to talk on religious subjects.” The idea that he would have to answer not only for his own sins (which were heavy enough), but for those of Mr. Waterhouse, whom he had sent out of the world without allowing a moment's time for repentance, weighed heavily upon his mind, and produced sometimes the greatest depression of spirits. On these occasions, his chest would

heave—his limbs tremble—and the cold sweat stand upon his forehead. “Did not Mr. Waterhouse call on God to assist or to forgive him, in his last moments?” said a rev. gentleman. “No,” replied Slade, with a strong expression of countenance, “I wish he had—but I scarcely gave him time.” The beautiful Parables of our Saviour interested him deeply, and he instantly comprehended their meaning, and knew how to apply them. By reading and conversing with him daily, the worthy Chaplain effected a wonderful change in his heart and feelings: he entered upon his religious duties with the same ardour that he formerly embarked in his vicious pursuits, and exhibited an affecting example of the power of religion in transforming and exalting the human mind.

On Thursday, his father, a wretched-looking old man, bent almost double by age and infirmity, came from Stukeley to take leave of the prisoner. His mother was unable to attend from illness. Two of his sisters also arrived, and the parting scene was more affecting than could have been anticipated, from the indifference previously manifested by the parties. One of his sisters asked him particularly if he had said any thing to Heddings concerning the murder. He answered in the most solemn manner that he had not: the whole was false. “Do you know,” said she, “I have seen your likeness at the shop windows, and it is very like you.”—“Is it,” said he with astonishment, “how could it be taken?” The turnkey told him it was taken in court during his trial; Slade seemed much surprised at the circumstance. After some further conversation, his sister asked him if

he was afraid at the thought of dying ; he said no ; he was quite easy and resigned. The former then expressed how glad she was to hear him say so, and hoped God would forgive him, upon which they shook hands with each other, kissed, and parted.

On the day before his execution the chaplain scarcely ever left his cell, and nothing, we are informed by the rev. gentleman, could exceed the tranquillity and resignation of his mind. He frequently remarked how just was that text of Scripture, "*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*" The Rev. Mr. Lee repeated to him the concluding verse of the sixth chapter of Romans : "*For the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" He derived great comfort from the text, and repeated it, as will be seen hereafter, on the scaffold. His memory was unusually retentive, and easily retained any portion of Scripture, which it was sought to impress upon his mind. The Chaplain left him about ten o'clock on Friday evening, and upon being locked up, he said to the turnkey, " this is the last time you will have to lock me up ; to-morrow night, I trust, I shall be happier than I am now." He slept soundly, and awoke about six o'clock. At seven, Mr. Cole, keeper of the prison, found him engaged in assisting an old man, a debtor, to light the fire. He appeared cool and collected, and even unconcerned. During the whole of the morning he was engaged with the Chaplain in his religious duties. At ten o'clock the Sacrament was administered to him in the chapel, in presence of the other prisoners, of whom he took leave,

shaking hands with them all, and telling them to take warning by his fate.

About eleven, the Under-sheriff arrived on horse-back, attended in the discharge of his painful duty by several constables. The prisoner's irons being knocked off, and his arms and wrists pinioned, he was conducted to the cart which awaited at the door to convey him to the place of execution. At the same time the bell of St. Mary's Church began to toll. Slade's wonted firmness seemed to forsake him in these trying moments, and he shook violently. On being placed in the cart by the side of the executioner, a more moving picture of human wretchedness was never perhaps exhibited. His countenance was pale as death, and he seemed unable to sit upright. He was dressed in the clothes in which he committed the murder—a dirty fustian jacket and trousers. His hat was pulled over his brows, his eyes shut, and he seemed internally engaged in prayer during the progress of the melancholy cavalcade.

The gallows was erected in the outskirts of the town, near the race-course, in a place singularly well adapted for the purpose, where the common-land of the Burghesses suddenly descends, and forms a sort of natural theatre in front of the river, about 100 yards in length, and 50 in breadth. The scene was highly striking and picturesque, and the day fine ; the sun shone without a cloud. The sides of the hills, and the plain below on which the gallows stood, were crowded with spectators. There could not be less than four thousand persons present. Indeed, during the whole of the day, the town resembled a fair, or the period of a contested election. On arriving at the fatal spot, the prisoner was assisted

to mount the platform, where the Chaplain arrayed in his surplice stood ready to receive him. He joined in the prayers with the utmost fervour and devotion; but was at times dreadfully agitated. Having concluded the impressive service, the reverend gentleman shook hands with the culprit, and asked him if he had anything on his mind which he wished to divulge. He said no; he was quite prepared to suffer. The executioner then proceeded to do his duty, and having put the fatal noose round the neck of the prisoner, adjusted the rope, and pulled the cap over his face, he quitted the platform. Slade then stood alone on the drop, and seeming to collect all his energy, he said with a firm unflinching voice—“ *My friends, I bid you farewell. I hope you will all take warning by my fate. Remember, the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ my Saviour. And now, my dear friends, I once more bid you farewell: farewell!*” The drop instantly fell, and in a few moments the unhappy youth had ceased to exist. He expired without a struggle. The spectators seemed deeply affected by his calm demeanour and untimely fate. When he stood up on the scaffold and spoke the few touching words quoted above, the affecting nature of the address, and the boyish tone of his voice moved, many persons even to tears.

After hanging the usual time the body was cut down by the executioner, placed in a coffin, and re-conveyed to the prison, where it lay till about one o'clock on Sunday morning, when it was taken to the premises of Mr. Wilson, surgeon, for dissection.

Slade was five feet six inches and a half in height, of a

slight make, but sinewy and muscular. The appearance and expression of his countenance were scarcely altered in the slightest degree by death. On stripping the body, its muscular strength and fine proportions excited the admiration of the medical gentlemen present. He had died in full health, and appeared much stouter than when alive ; and it is a curious fact that the culprit had even grown comparatively fat during the period of his imprisonment. He never ate so heartily, he said, as he did in gaol ; and through the kindness of the Under-sheriff he wanted for nothing that might contribute to his nourishment and support. On examining the body, the peculiar conformation of the great toe on each foot produced considerable surprise : it extended in length about an inch beyond the others. As the dissecting room was, during the greater part of the day, open to the public, numbers of individuals attended to witness the appearance of the body, which presented a most humiliating and revolting spectacle. His countenance seemed a fitting index to the mind of a murderer—cruel, deliberate, and ferocious. A plaster mould has been cast from the features. On Tuesday morning the brain was dissected in the presence of most of our medical authorities.

From deferring the dissection as long as possible, to accommodate a greater number of young surgeons, the brain had undergone a considerable change ; and it was therefore almost impossible to elucidate the different parts with that degree of anatomical accuracy which might have been attained at an earlier period. The investing membrane, called the *Dura Mater*, was, however, extremely

tense and firm, and in several places inflammation between it and the *Pia Mater*, or immediate envelope of the brain, was discovered, and must have existed for some time. Firm adhesions had in consequence taken place ; but these appearances are, we believe, by no means uncommon ; for few people who have suffered from fever, or severe blows on the head, are without them. Slade previously to his execution confessed that at different times he had received blows upon the head, and described the external situation of two of them, which corresponded exactly with the internal adhesions : between the under part of the cerebellum, and the contiguous *Dura Mater*, several strong adhesions were also discovered.

The internal viscera of the chest and of the body were in an extremely healthy state, not having apparently ever suffered from illness.

Mr. Wilson, to whom the dissection of the body was committed, acted wisely, we think, in making it public as far as with propriety could be permitted ; for, judging from our own sensations, if men can be deterred from the commission of acts of bloodshed by a dread of the consequences, the exhibition of one dissection must go farther than a hundred executions.

The conduct of Slade's relatives, during the whole of this trying affair, has been exposed to considerable censure. In persons of their condition it would be absurd to expect that acuteness of feeling and nice sensibility which shed an indescribable charm over the intercourse of intelligent and refined society ; but the Slades appear to be wanting even in common humanity. His sisters

were not ashamed to attend the races, whilst their brother was immured in a solitary cell, under sentence of death—his mother talks of Joshua's guilt and of his vicious habits without the least display of common feeling—and his father was seen trudging home on the night before the execution with a load of wood which he had been plundering from the neighbouring hedges.* On Monday the old man came to Huntingdon, to enquire of Mr. Cole, keeper of the prison, whether Joshua had left any thing for him—any old clothes, or doctor's bottles, that he might sell. Being answered in the negative: "Do you know," added he, "what has been done with the body?" "No," replied Mr. Cole, "I do not."—"I have been told," rejoined old Slade,— "that they only want the heart and two or three other

* If our information be correct, the elder Slade might have sat for the following picture:—

"Wo to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
 Plash'd neatly, and secured with driven stakes
 Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
 Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
 To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
 An ass's burthen, and, when laden most
 And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away."

THE TASK, Book IV.

The inhabitants of Great Stukeley have a lively recollection of their former neighbours, the Slades, who were alike feared and despised in the parish. John and Joshua latterly carried on, in conjunction with Heddings and others, an extensive traffic in poaching, by which they realised occasionally considerable sums of money. The Rev. Mr. Bailey has obligingly furnished us with the following certificate of Joshua's baptism, extracted from the Register:—

BAPTISMS.

1809

* * * * *

Joshua, son of William and Elizabeth Slade, baptized March 26th.

John Bailey, Vicar.

He was born, as we have already stated (upon the authority of his mother), on the 14th of January; and was consequently at the time of his death exactly 18 years, 7 months, a fortnight, and 3 days old.

things out of him ;"—a speech to which no answer was returned. In this callous, unnatural deportment, may be traced the germ of Joshua's guilt.—Yet who can tell how much of the apparent insensibility of the Slades may not be imputed to ignorance and want, and to the absence of spiritual instruction, peculiar to the village ? Nothing tends so effectually to shut up the heart and deaden the feelings as long-continued poverty.

Atrocious as was the crime for which Slade justly forfeited his life, the spectacle of a human being cut off in the very spring-time of his days could not be witnessed without emotion, and was beheld evidently with deep commiseration. His extreme youth and penitence pleaded powerfully in his favour, and the consciousness that he had been neglected by his parents, and afterwards made the dupe of an accomplished villain, tended to blunt the feeling of abhorrence with which his guilt was universally regarded, and to excite sentiments rather of pity and compassion. Depraved as his life had been, there was doubtless a time when he little dreamt that it would be closed upon the scaffold—when, if he had been told, while earning his bread honestly by the sweat of his brow, that he would turn out a robber and a murderer, he would have rejected the imputation with scorn, and have been ready to say with Hazael of old : “ *Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?* ” “ Had I but known the least part of what I know now,” said he one day to his rev. attendant, “ I should never have been here.” Of what unspeakable importance then must it be to inspire the young mind with right principles of religion ; to check

with a gentle but steady hand the first approaches to vice ; and to inculcate lessons of industry, sobriety, and integrity, by that most persuasive of all arguments—a good example. The fate of Slade can scarcely fail to be held up as a warning to the young in the humbler walks of life ; but we trust it will extend farther—that it will stir up among the higher and more influential classes an increased spirit of active benevolence, to inquire into the conditon—to supply the deficiencies, and to alleviate the wants of their poorer brethren. This can best be done, not by parochial assistance, or casual charity, necessary as these may be in cases of urgent distress, but by acts of personal kindness and attention—by providing them with employment—seeking out and rewarding the honest and industrious, and discouraging, or endeavouring to reform, the idle and profligate. How consoling, and, at the same time, how beneficial must it be to the poor man to know that his rich and powerful neighbour is interested in the welfare of himself and children—that he rejoices in their prosperity, and is grieved at their disasters or misconduct ! And if the man who raises only two blades of corn where but one grew before, be more useful to his species than either the poet or philosopher, how much more so is the honest peasant who rears a healthy and virtuous offspring to recruit the ranks of the state, and contribute to its wealth and stability ?

THE END.

ADDENDA.

A tomb is about to be erected over the remains of Mr. Waterhouse, executed by Mr. Payne, stone-mason, Huntingdon. According to immemorial wont and usage, a copy of verses is appended to the inscription; and in point of style, taste, and orthography, this monitory effusion is on a par with the “uncouth rhymes” alluded to by Gray in his inimitable Elegy. It is surprising that a better taste should not have arisen among our village bards and moralists, and that in the present day any body should commit themselves so far as to indite the following for the edification of the public:—

“Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Joshua Waterhouse B.D. nearly 40 years Fellow of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, Chaplain to His Majesty, Rector of this Parish, and of Coton, near Cambridge, who was inhumanly murdered in this parsonage house. July 3rd 1827, aged 81.”

“Beneath this Tomb his Mangled body’s laid,
Cut Stabb’d and Murdered by Joshua Slade;
His ghastly Wounds, a horrid sight to see,
And hurl’d at once into Eternity.
What faults you’ve seen in him, take care to shun;
And look at home, enough there’s to be done;
Death does not allways warning give,
Therefore be carefull how you live.”



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